







EDMONTON, ALBERTA SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1917.

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## COMMITTEE PROPOSES NUMBER OF IMPORTANT AMENDMENTS OF EDMONTON CITY CHARTER

Recommendation That Period of Registration Be Extended—School Districts to Bear Part of Cost of Elections—Zone System on Street Layout—Special Sur- Tax Discussed

Recommendation of charter amendments which will alter the system of registration of electors in municipal elections, was passed by the special committee of the city council, appointed to draw up charter amendments for the purpose of placing them before the provincial legislature.

The committee commenced work on Thursday, when suggestions made by the city clerk and the city assessor were considered.

It was decided to recommend that registration should be open from the beginning of the year to August, registration to take place at some central office in the city halls on either side of the river; also that for the non-property qualifying elector residence should be taken into consideration in going in to register should be sufficient to qualify, and that in addition of being a British subject.

As to burgesses.

An important suggestion was recommended with respect to burgesses who should act as the list of electors. Anyone on the assessment roll will be required to register once, and afterwards they will remain on the list. The election committee will remain on the assessment roll.

As to the election committee made up of the mayor, Ald. Grant as chairman, Ald. M. H. Martin, and Ald. J. H. Martin. The committee was raised against the scheme of registration for each elector, and that he considered the three qualifications for electors, namely, non-property, non-residence, and non-qualification, should be taken into consideration in going in to register should be sufficient to qualify, and that in addition of being a British subject.

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## SIX MONTHS' TERM FOR BREAKING ACT ON THIRD COURT LAVELL MUST BE LIAISON TRAFFIC, SAYS MAGISTRATE

Second Annual Banquet of Local Association at Corona's

Notable Success

The second annual banquet of the 41st Battalion association was held at the Corona hotel and proved to be a most successful and enjoyable affair.

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## DID NOT HAVE A PRIVATE STILL NO EVIDENCE THAT MURDER WAS BY PRODUCT HAD BEEN USED

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## Public Schools May Become More Of Community-Centre With Plan To Institute Work-of Efficiency

System Adapted to Both Boys and Girls May Be Tested in Public Schools of Edmonton—Details of Scheme Outlined in Tentative Program Drawn up by Superintendent of Schools

With the special idea of solving the vexing problem of religious instruction in the public schools and also instruction in sex hygiene and kindred subjects, the idea has been evolved that the standard efficiency test work may be used as the basis of a new school work.

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## LOUIS DOBRY WASKILLED IN BIG ATTACK

Edmonton Boy Shot by Sniper During Advance on Passchendaele Ridge

J. A. Dobry, of 1022 11th street, has received by telex the startling news of the death of his son Louis, who was killed in action during the fighting at Passchendaele Ridge a few weeks ago.

Mr. Dobry was in a well-known 10th battalion at the front, and his son was in the same battalion.

It was a very sorry that it was my duty to write you concerning the death of your son. I am sure that you can get much comfort from the fact that I was able to let you know that your son was in the good work of the war.

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## BEVERLY GIVES \$59 TO FUND FOR XMAS TREE

Gift of Children and Town—Enjoyable Concert in Presbyterian Church

The annual Christmas concert of the Beverly Presbyterian church was held last night in the Presbyterian church.

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## OLD RESIDENT OF WEST DEAD

John Vogel of Lake Isle, Passes Away on South Side Friday

Another of the old-timers of the west, John Vogel, who died at the age of 80, passed away on Friday.

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## Special Sur-Tax Certificate

Major James Douglas, who has been in the city for some time, has been granted a special sur-tax certificate.

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## CAPT. CAMPBELL LOSES GALLANT FIGHT FOR LIFE

Well-known Edmonton Soldier With Inspiring War Record, Dies at Coast

World has come through from Vancouver the death of one of Edmonton's most gallant soldiers.

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## POLICEMEN GREET FORMER SERGEANT RETURNED FROM WAR

Pte. Miller Has Served Overseas Three Years Since Leaving With 40th

Pte. A. J. Miller, formerly a sergeant in the 40th, has returned to the city on leave after three years overseas.

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## SEE THE OLD YEAR OUT AT THE

Best Dance Music Latest and Most Attractive Cabaret Novelties

SELKIRK HOTEL CAFE

JAN 1ST, 1918.

New Year's Dinner

Served from 5.30 to 8.30 p.m.

Make Reservations Early

Watch This Paper This Afternoon and Monday Morning for Auditors' Statement and Names of Winners of the Beautiful Bungalow

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For the jewelry or relation you overlooked, you would surely find a piece of jewelry, cut Glass or Silver, as a suitable gift.

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We have a quantity of boards, shingles, dimension, flooring, siding, shingles, etc., which we must sell during the next 30 days to make room for our new stock. Call and see what we have to offer and you will find the price right on these special items.

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**ESDALE PRESS**  
EDMONTON  
1200-1202-1204-1206-1208-1210-1212-1214-1216-1218-1220-1222-1224-1226-1228-1230-1232-1234-1236-1238-1240-1242-1244-1246-1248-1250-1252-1254-1256-1258-1260-1262-1264-1266-1268-1270-1272-1274-1276-1278-1280-1282-1284-1286-1288-1290-1292-1294-1296-1298-1300-1302-1304-1306-1308-1310-1312-1314-1316-1318-1320-1322-1324-1326-1328-1330-1332-1334-1336-1338-1340-1342-1344-1346-1348-1350-1352-1354-1356-1358-1360-1362-1364-1366-1368-1370-1372-1374-1376-1378-1380-1382-1384-1386-1388-1390-1392-1394-1396-1398-1400-1402-1404-1406-1408-1410-1412-1414-1416-1418-1420-1422-1424-1426-1428-1430-1432-1434-1436-1438-1440-1442-1444-1446-1448-1450-1452-1454-1456-1458-1460-1462-1464-1466-1468-1470-1472-1474-1476-1478-1480-1482-1484-1486-1488-1490-1492-1494-1496-1498-1500-1502-1504-1506-1508-1510-1512-1514-1516-1518-1520-1522-1524-1526-1528-1530-1532-1534-1536-1538-1540-1542-1544-1546-1548-1550-1552-1554-1556-1558-1560-1562-1564-1566-1568-1570-1572-1574-1576-1578-1580-1582-1584-1586-1588-1590-1592-1594-1596-1598-1600-1602-1604-1606-1608-1610-1612-1614-1616-1618-1620-1622-1624-1626-1628-1630-1632-1634-1636-1638-1640-1642-1644-1646-1648-1650-1652-1654-1656-1658-1660-1662-1664-1666-1668-1670-1672-1674-1676-1678-1680-1682-1684-1686-1688-1690-1692-1694-1696-1698-1700-1702-1704-1706-1708-1710-1712-1714-1716-1718-1720-1722-1724-1726-1728-1730-1732-1734-1736-1738-1740-1742-1744-1746-1748-1750-1752-1754-1756-1758-1760-1762-1764-1766-1768-1770-1772-1774-1776-1778-1780-1782-1784-1786-1788-1790-1792-1794-1796-1798-1800-1802-1804-1806-1808-1810-1812-1814-1816-1818-1820-1822-1824-1826-1828-1830-1832-1834-1836-1838-1840-1842-1844-1846-1848-1850-1852-1854-1856-1858-1860-1862-1864-1866-1868-1870-1872-1874-1876-1878-1880-1882-1884-1886-1888-1890-1892-1894-1896-1898-1900-1902-1904-1906-1908-1910-1912-1914-1916-1918-1920-1922-1924-1926-1928-1930-1932-1934-1936-1938-1940-1942-1944-1946-1948-1950-1952-1954-1956-1958-1960-1962-1964-1966-1968-1970-1972-1974-1976-1978-1980-1982-1984-1986-1988-1990-1992-1994-1996-1998-2000-2002-2004-2006-2008-2010-2012-2014-2016-2018-2020-2022-2024-2026-2028-2030-2032-2034-2036-2038-2040-2042-2044-2046-2048-2050-2052-2054-2056-2058-2060-2062-2064-2066-2068-2070-2072-2074-2076-2078-2080-2082-2084-2086-2088-2090-2092-2094-2096-2098-2100-2102-2104-2106-2108-2110-2112-2114-2116-2118-2120-2122-2124-2126-2128-2130-2132-2134-2136-2138-2140-2142-2144-2146-2148-2150-2152-2154-2156-2158-2160-2162-2164-2166-2168-2170-2172-2174-2176-2178-2180-2182-2184-2186-2188-2190-2192-2194-2196-2198-2200-2202-2204-2206-2208-2210-2212-2214-2216-2218-2220-2222-2224-2226-2228-2230-2232-2234-2236-2238-2240-2242-2244-2246-2248-2250-2252-2254-2256-2258-2260-2262-2264-2266-2268-2270-2272-2274-2276-2278-2280-2282-2284-2286-2288-2290-2292-2294-2296-2298-2300-2302-2304-2306-2308-2310-2312-2314-2316-2318-2320-2322-2324-2326-2328-2330-2332-2334-2336-2338-2340-2342-2344-2346-2348-2350-2352-2354-2356-2358-2360-2362-2364-2366-2368-2370-2372-2374-2376-2378-2380-2382-2384-2386-2388-2390-2392-2394-2396-2398-2400-2402-2404-2406-2408-2410-2412-2414-2416-2418-2420-2422-2424-2426-2428-2430-2432-2434-2436-2438-2440-2442-2444-2446-2448-2450-2452-2454-2456-2458-2460-2462-2464-2466-2468-2470-2472-2474-2476-2478-2480-2482-2484-2486-2488-2490-2492-2494-2496-2498-2500-2502-2504-2506-2508-2510-2512-2514-2516-2518-2520-2522-2524-2526-2528-2530-2532-2534-2536-2538-2540-2542-2544-2546-2548-2550-2552-2554-2556-2558-2560-2562-2564-2566-2568-2570-2572-2574-2576-2578-2580-2582-2584-2586-2588-2590-2592-2594-2596-2598-2600-2602-2604-2606-2608-2610-2612-2614-2616-2618-2620-2622-2624-2626-2628-2630-2632-2634-2636-2638-2640-2642-2644-2646-2648-2650-2652-2654-2656-2658-2660-2662-2664-2666-2668-2670-2672-2674-2676-2678-2680-2682-2684-2686-2688-2690-2692-2694-2696-2698-2700-2702-2704-2706-2708-2710-2712-2714-2716-2718-2720-2722-2724-2726-2728-2730-2732-2734-2736-2738-2740-2742-2744-2746-2748-2750-2752-2754-2756-2758-2760-2762-2764-2766-2768-2770-2772-2774-2776-2778-2780-2782-2784-2786-2788-2790-2792-2794-2796-2798-2800-2802-2804-2806-2808-2810-2812-2814-2816-2818-2820-2822-2824-2826-2828-2830-2832-2834-2836-2838-2840-2842-2844-2846-2848-2850-2852-2854-2856-2858-2860-2862-2864-2866-2868-2870-2872-2874-2876-2878-2880-2882-2884-2886-2888-2890-2892-2894-2896-2898-2900-2902-2904-2906-2908-2910-2912-2914-2916-2918-2920-2922-2924-2926-2928-2930-2932-2934-2936-2938-2940-2942-2944-2946-2948-2950-2952-2954-2956-2958-2960-2962-2964-2966-2968-2970-2972-2974-2976-2978-2980-2982-2984-2986-2988-2990-2992-2994-2996-2998-3000-3002-3004-3006-3008-3010-3012-3014-3016-3018-3020-3022-3024-3026-3028-3030-3032-3034-3036-3038-3040-3042-3044-3046-3048-3050-3052-3054-3056-3058-3060-3062-3064-3066-3068-3070-3072-3074-3076-3078-3080-3082-3084-3086-3088-3090-3092-3094-3096-3098-3100-3102-3104-3106-3108-3110-3112-3114-3116-3118-3120-3122-3124-3126-3128-3130-3132-3134-3136-3138-3140-3142-3144-3146-3148-3150-3152-3154-3156-3158-3160-3162-3164-3166-3168-3170-3172-3174-3176-3178-3180-3182-3184-3186-3188-3190-3192-3194-3196-3198-3200-3202-3204-3206-3208-3210-3212-3214-3216-3218-3220-3222-3224-3226-3228-3230-3232-3234-3236-3238-3240-3242-3244-3246-3248-3250-3252-3254-3256-3258-3260-3262-3264-3266-3268-3270-3272-3274-3276-3278-3280-3282-3284-3286-3288-3290-3292-3294-3296-3298-3300-3302-3304-3306-3308-3310-3312-3314-3316-3318-3320-3322-3324-3326-3328-3330-3332-3334-3336-3338-3340-3342-3344-3346-3348-3350-3352-3354-3356-3358-3360-3362-3364-3366-3368-3370-3372-3374-3376-3378-3380-3382-3384-3386-3388-3390-3392-3394-3396-3398-3400-3402-3404-3406-3408-3410-3412-3414-3416-3418-3420-3422-3424-3426-3428-3430-3432-3434-3436-3438-3440-3442-3444-3446-3448-3450-3452-3454-3456-3458-3460-3462-3464-3466-3468-3470-3472-3474-3476-3478-3480-3482-3484-3486-3488-3490-3492-3494-3496-3498-3500-3502-3504-3506-3508-3510-3512-3514-3516-3518-3520-3522-3524-3526-3528-3530-3532-3534-3536-3538-3540-3542-3544-3546-3548-3550-3552-3554-3556-3558-3560-3562-3564-3566-3568-3570-3572-3574-3576-3578-3580-3582-3584-3586-3588-3590-3592-3594-3596-3598-3600-3602-3604-3606-3608-3610-3612-3614-3616-3618-3620-3622-3624-3626-3628-3630-3632-3634-3636-3638-3640-3642-3644-3646-3648-3650-3652-3654-3656-3658-3660-3662-3664-3666-3668-3670-3672-3674-3676-3678-3680-3682-3684-3686-3688-3690-3692-3694-3696-3698-3700-3702-3704-3706-3708-3710-3712-3714-3716-3718-3720-3722-3724-3726-3728-3730-3732-3734-3736-3738-3740-3742-3744-3746-3748-3750-3752-3754-3756-3758-3760-3762-3764-3766-3768-3770-3772-3774-3776-3778-3780-3782-3784-3786-3788-3790-3792-3794-3796-3798-3800-3802-3804-3806-3808-3810-3812-3814-3816-3818-3820-3822-3824-3826-3828-3830-3832-3834-3836-3838-3840-3842-3844-3846-3848-3850-3852-3854-3856-3858-3860-3862-3864-3866-3868-3870-3872-3874-3876-3878-3880-3882-3884-3886-3888-3890-3892-3894-3896-3898-3900-3902-3904-3906-3908-3910-3912-3914-3916-3918-3920-3922-3924-3926-3928-3930-3932-3934-3936-3938-3940-3942-3944-3946-3948-3950-3952-3954-3956-3958-3960-3962-3964-3966-3968-3970-3972-3974-3976-3978-3980-3982-3984-3986-3988-3990-3992-3994-3996-3998-4000-4002-4004-4006-4008-4010-4012-4014-4016-4018-4020-4022-4024-4026-4028-4030-4032-4034-4036-4038-4040-4042-4044-4046-4048-4050-4052-4054-4056-4058-4060-4062-4064-4066-4068-4070-4072-4074-4076-4078-4080-4082-4084-4086-4088-4090-4092-4094-4096-4098-4100-4102-4104-4106-4108-4110-4112-4114-4116-4118-4120-4122-4124-4126-4128-4130-4132-4134-4136-4138-4140-4142-4144-4146-4148-4150-4152-4154-4156-4158-4160-4162-4164-4166-4168-4170-4172-4174-4176-4178-4180-4182-4184-4186-4188-4190-4192-4194-4196-4198-4200-4202-4204-4206-4208-4210-4212-4214-4216-4218-4220-4222-4224-4226-4228-4230-4232-4234-4236-4238-4240-4242-4244-4246-4248-4250-4252-4254-4256-4258-4260-4262-4264-4266-4268-4270-4272-4274-4276-4278-4280-4282-4284-4286-4288-4290-4292-4294-4296-4298-4300-4302-4304-4306-4308-4310-4312-4314-4316-4318-4320-4322-4324-4326-4328-4330-4332-4334-4336-4338-4340-4342-4344-4346-4348-4350-4352-4354-4356-4358-4360-4362-4364-4366-4368-4370-4372-4374-4376-4378-4380-4382-4384-4386-4388-4390-4392-4394-4396-4398-4400-4402-4404-4406-4408-4410-4412-4414-4416-4418-4420-4422-4424-4426-4428-4430-4432-4434-4436-4438-4440-4442-4444-4446-4448-4450-4452-4454-4456-4458-4460-4462-4464-4466-4468-4470-4472-4474-4476-4478-4480-4482-4484-4486-4488-4490-4492-4494-4496-4498-4500-4502-4504-4506-4508-4510-4512-4514-4516-4518-4520-4522-4524-4526-4528-4530-4532-4534-4536-4538-4540-4542-4544-4546-4548-4550-4552-4554-4556-4558-4560-4562-4564-4566-4568-4570-4572-4574-4576-4578-4580-4582-4584-4586-4588-4590-4592-4594-4596-4598-4600-4602-4604-4606-4608-4610-4612-4614-4616-4618-4620-4622-4624-4626-4628-4630-4632-4634-4636-4638-4640-4642-4644-4646-4648-4650-4652-4654-4656-4658-4660-4662-4664-4666-4668-4670-4672-4674-4676-4678-4680-4682-4684-4686-4688-4690-4692-4694-4696-4698-4700-4702-4704-4706-4708-4710-4712-4714-4716-4718-4720-4722-4724-4726-4728-4730-4732-4734-4736-4738-4740-4742-4744-4746-4748-4750-4752-4754-4756-4758-4760-4762-4764-4766-4768-4770-4772-4774-4776-4778-4780-4782-4784-4786-4788-4790-4792-4794-4796-4798-4800-4802-4804-4806-4808-4810-4812-4814-4816-4818-4820-4822-4824-4826-4828-4830-4832-4834-4836-4838-4840-4842-4844-4846-4848-4850-4852-4854-4856-4858-4860-4862-4864-4866-4868-4870-4872-4874-4876-4878-4880-4882-4884-4886-4888-4890-4892-4894-4896-4898-4900-4902-4904-4906-4908-4910-4912-4914-4916-4918-4920-4922-4924-4926-4928-4930-4932-4934-4936-4938-4940-4942-4944-4946-4948-4950-4952-4954-4956-4958-4960-4962-4964-4966-4968-4970-4972-4974-4976-4978-4980-4982-4984-4986-4988-4990-4992-4994-4996-4998-5000-5002-5004-5006-5008-5010-5012-5014-5016-5018-5020-5022-5024-5026-5028-5030-5032-5034-5036-5038-5040-5042-5044-5046-5048-5050-5052-5054-5056-5058-5060-5062-5064-5066-5068-5070-5072-5074-5076-5078-5080-5082-5084-5086-5088-5090-5092-5094-5096-5098-5100-5102-5104-5106-5108-5110-5112-5114-5116-5118-5120-5122-5124-5126-5128-5130-5132-5134-5136-5138-5140-5142-5144-5146-5148-5150-5152-5154-5156-5158-5160-5162-5164-5166-5168-5170-5172-5174-5176-5178-5180-5182-5184-5186-5188-5190-5192-5194-5196-5198-5200-5202-5204-5206-5208-5210-5212-5214-5216-5218-5220-5222-5224-5226-5228-5230-5232-5234-5236-5238-5240-5242-5244-5246-5248-5250-5252-5254-5256-5258-5260-5262-5264-5266-5268-5270-5272-5274-5276-5278-5280-5282-5284-5286-5288-5290-5292-5294-5296-5298-5300-5302-5304-5306-5308-5310-5312-5314-5316-5318-5320-5322-5324-5326-5328-5330-5332-5334-5336-5338-5340-5342-5344-5346-5348-5350-5352-5354-5356-5358-5360-5362-5364-5366-5368-5370-5372-5374-5376-5378-5380-5382-5384-5386-5388-5390-5392-5394-5396-5398-5400-5402-5404-5406-5408-5410-5412-5414-5416-5418-5420-5422-5424-5426-5428-5430-5432-5434-5436-5438-5440-5442-5444-5446-5448-5450-5452-5454-5456-5458-5460-5462-5464-5466-5468-5470-5472-5474-5476-5478-5480-5482-5484-5486-5488-5490-5492-5494-5496-5498-5500-5502-5504-5506-5508-5510-5512-5514-5516-5518-5520-5522-5524-5526-5528-5530-5532-5534-5536-5538-5540-5542-5544-5546-5548-5550-5552-5554-5556-5558-5560-5562-5564-5566-5568-5570-5572-5574-5576-5578-5580-5582-5584-5586-5588-5590-5592-5594-5596-5598-5600-5602-5604-5606-5608-5610-5612-5614-5616-5618-5620-5622-5624-5626-5628-5630-5632-5634-5636-5638-5640-5642-5644-5646-5648-5650-5652-5654-5656-5658-5660-5662-5664-5666-5668-5670-5672-5674-5676-5678-5680-5682-5684-5686-5688-5690-5692-5694-5696-5698-5700-5702-5704-5706-5708-5710-5712-5714-5716-5718-5720-5722-5724-5726-5728-5730-5732-5734-5736-5738-5740-5742-5744-5746-5748-5750-5752-5754-5756-5758-5760-5762-5764-5766-5768-5770-5772-5774-5776-5778-5780-5782-5784-5786-5788-5790-5792-5794-5796-5798-5800-5802-5804-5806

**Two More Shopping  
Days Till New Year**

# YEAR-END CLEARING SALE

**PLEASE SHOP  
in the Morning Hours**

## Ringing Out the Old Year Saturday and Monday to the Tune of "National Economy"

THAT the January Sales, commencing next week, may be largely confined to the clearing out of odds and ends and surplus stocks of Winter Merchandise, we are putting forth every effort during these final days of the Old Year to the clearing out of all lines of merchandise selected to meet the needs of Gift Shoppers. To that end all such lines have been repriced for clearance at sweeping reductions. So if you have failed to remember all your friends in the rush of Christmas shopping New Year's affords another opportunity.

### Women's Knitted Wool Gloves at 39c, Regular 50c.

Women in search of a good warm glove should visit our glove section on Saturday and secure a pair of these fine woolen gloves at this generally reduced price. They are of good quality in white, cardinal, gray, navy, brown and black. All sizes 4 to 8. Regularly \$1.00, special Saturday, per pair

**39c**

### 2 Noteworthy Values in Women's and Children's Cashmere Hose

With history the cheapest items of expense in most households, few will pass up an opportunity to save from 25c to 50c on a pair of such reasonable hosiery. CHILDREN'S All Wool Cashmere Hose in fine 1 1/2 ribbed pattern, made in navy, black, white, pink, blue, green, yellow, red, orange, purple, per pair

**25c**

**59c**

### Smart and Serviceable Habatat Silk Blouses at \$1.29

It's very unusual nowadays to find blouses that are absolutely correct in style made of as good a quality material as is in these at \$1.29. They are fashioned with deep round or pointed collar. Front is tucked to knee depth to give the necessary fullness or homesteaded on either side of front fastening giving waist effect. Blouse

**\$1.29**

### Year End Special in Women's Combinations and Nightgowns

Those who are contemplating the purchase of underwear or nightgowns shouldn't fail to come and see these two splendid values on Saturday. The Combinations are made in nice fine silk mixture, in the new made style, in ankle length, "V" neck and elbow sleeves. Price, per suit

**\$2.50**

**98c**

### Women's Fancy Boxed Handkerchiefs Saturday

Those who have New Year's Gifts to purchase should not overlook this special offer for Saturday in handkerchiefs. They are of fine quality shiraz and lawn, neatly embroidered in floral designs. Put up 3 in a box. Put up 6 in a box. Regularly 35c. Regularly 45c.

**35c**

**45c**

## Winding Up the Old Year with a Rousing Clearance of WOMEN'S and MISSES' COATS at Savings of One Third to a Half

IT'S hard to imagine any one delaying the purchase of their new coat a solitary day longer in view of the values offered in this Year End Sale. There are three noteworthy groupings from which to choose, including 100 or more coats in some of the season's smartest styles—the major-ity repriced at savings of one-third to a half on their former prices. Why not choose yours tomorrow and begin the New Year with style and comfort.

### Grouping No. 1—Offers Choice of 25 Winter Coats, Regular \$22.50, for \$14.95

Twenty-five smart and serviceable Winter Coats, tailored in newly checked and checked wool—sailings, also the plain colored whitties. Colors brown, gray, blue, black, white, beaded in a variety of ways with the new mottled or vertical collar, deep cuffs and pockets. Regularly \$22.50, Year-end Sale Price

**\$14.95**

### Grouping No. 2—Offers Choice of \$25.00 to \$30.00 Coats at \$18.95

Thirty-five or more smart new styles in Winter Coats, tailored of warm fleecy blanket cloth, beavers and tweeds. Colors brown, gray, green, navy or black. Smart trims and beaded collars, with velvet trimmed collars, a few fur trimmed, with novelty pockets, and large bow button fasteners. Sizes 16 to 42. Regularly \$25.00 to \$30.00, Year-end Sale Price

**\$18.95**



### Grouping No. 3 Offers Choice of 40 Coats; Regularly \$32.50 to \$38.00 for \$29.50

They are fashioned in rich velours, burgundy, beestool, purple, Russian green, or navy; dark gray and brown beaver mixtures, and the plain dark beaver cloth, navy, green, brown or black. Styles are varied, all featuring the large mottled collar, beaded cuffs and pockets, trimmed on the collar with plush facings, some self-trimmed, others fur trimmed and lined, and reversibly facings. Sizes 16 to 42. Regularly \$32.50, \$35.00, to \$38.00, Year-end Sale Price

**\$29.50**

### Women's Smart and Serviceable MUSK- RAT COATS, Sale Price \$90

Those who are contemplating the purchase of a new muskrat coat for New Year's shouldn't fail to see this special offer. Full 8 inch wide muskrat, trimmings and perfectly blended plaid, with deep roll storm collar and cuffs, lined throughout, with serviceable silk lining. All sizes to 46. Year End Sale

**\$90.00**

### Youths' and Young Men's Overcoats clearing at \$18.95. Regular \$25 to \$27.50

This Year End Economy opportunity offering savings of \$6.00 to \$8.50 on these smart Weatherbeater overcoats will create a lively shopping interest in the Boys' Department Saturday.

They are in the popular "Weatherbeater" make in high grade pure wool coating material in gray, navy and brown. Have well shaped shoulders, fitting velvet collar, and with silk lining. Sizes 16 to 38. Regularly \$25.00 to \$27.50. Year End Sale

**\$18.95**

### Boys' and Youths' Pull-over Jerseys at 98c, Regular \$1.25

A splendid garment for wearing under the suit coat. Closely knitted in heavy ribbed yarns in gray, tan and fawn shades. Pull over style with good high full collar. Sizes 16 to 18 years. Regularly \$1.25, Special Saturday at

**89c**

### Youths' Reffer Coats at \$8.95; Regularly \$10.50 to \$12.50

It is just such cold weather as we are having now that makes a bargain of this kind fully appreciated. These splendid warm and serviceable reffer coats are of gray fleece cloth and navy pilot cloth, have high storm collar and are warmly lined throughout. Sizes 16, 18 and 20. Regularly \$10.50 to \$12.50, Special Saturday at

**\$8.95**

### Toys, Dolls, Dolls Carriages, Books, &c., Clearing in the Year End Sale at Big Savings

Many a youngster's New Year will be brightened as a result of this Year End Sale, wherein all toys, dolls, dolls carriages and books have been re-marked, offering savings of practically one third on the original prices.

<b>PICTURE BOOKS—</b>		<b>CHARLE CHAPLIN Comic Books</b>		<b>DRESSED DOLLS</b> in good size, and regular size, for	
Regular 15c, for	10c	Regular 15c, for	10c	Regular 15c, for	10c
Regular 25c, for	15c	Regular 25c, for	15c	Regular 25c, for	15c
Regular 35c, for	25c	Regular 35c, for	25c	Regular 35c, for	25c
Regular 50c, for	35c	Regular 50c, for	35c	Regular 50c, for	35c
Regular 75c, for	50c	Regular 75c, for	50c	Regular 75c, for	50c
		<b>TOYS, including Tiny Toy Land, Reg- ular, swords, A-B-C Rhymes, Walking Horse, Hobbies, Hot Cars, etc.</b>		<b>ROCKING HORSES, Regular \$12.00, Regular \$12.00, for</b>	
		<b>MADAM BENDSEN'S CHARACTER DOLLS, Extra quality dolls, Regular \$1.75, Regular \$1.75, for</b>		<b>STORY BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, Extra quality dolls, Regular \$1.75, Regular \$1.75, for</b>	
		<b>TOYS, including Tiny Toy Land, Reg- ular \$2.00, for</b>		<b>DEAN RAY, FINEST BOOKS, Reg- ular \$2.00, for</b>	
		<b>COVER COMPLET DOLL REGIS- ters, Regular \$1.75, for</b>		<b>COVER COMPLET DOLL REGIS- ters, Regular \$1.75, for</b>	
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NEXT WEEK'S  
ATTRACTIONSINTRIGUES AND  
DIABLERIES OF  
MONK RASPUTINOne of the Wildest Stories in the  
World Filmed at the  
Empire

"His nails were filthy and long, his hair unkempt, his clothes evil-smelling, he always dressed in the style of peasant, even in the silken garments made for him by court ladies with their own hands; he would bring any court lady under his spell, and he made a good many of them confessants. He had one of them so much in love with him that she would not let her skin a patch of his dirty old hands."

That is a quotation from a two-part serial appearing in the Canadian Courier following the screening in Toronto of Herbert Brenson's great picture triumph, "The Fall of the Romanovs," which is on the screen at the Empire theatre during the whole of next week. The story tells of Rasputin, and incidentally there are a lot of people who would like to be able to pronounce Rasputin correctly. Here is the recipe: Accept the "R" and pronounce "in" as "en." That is the way Hamilton says it and he was in Russia, though he found no time then to write of Rasputin—now it is the universal lynch, largely because, when that delightful hypnotic romance known as "Trills" was succeeded by Evelyn Scott's "The Road to the Road," the readers of the paper, people who do not read the serial, did not know to invent some of the wildest stories of the world. No novelist loved Rasputin. He existed, and he was no more of a reality in the serial than he kept clean out of the newspapers until shortly before some Russian patriots killed him. How his black, leopards' mouth, from Siberia, leaped from being branded as a common thief to the secret counsels, and even the bedrooms of the czar, how he served the palace of Nicholas Romanoff into houses of ill-repute, the secret into a head office of high treason, the church into a bazaar, and himself into very nearly the agent of a separate peace with Germany, is story strictly told in this great picture.

## MAJESTY

THRILLS FOLLOW EACH  
OTHER IN EIGHTH EPISODE OF  
"NEGLECTED WIFE"

Thrills via with an intense dramatic force in the eighth episode of "The Neglected Wife," the big Pathe serial from London. "The Journal of a Neglected Wife" and "The Woman Alone," as shown at the Majesty theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

In the last episode, Mary Kennedy learned that Margaret Warner, a young magazine writer, was the other woman in her husband's life, who Kennedy became intensely jealous of. Kennedy's attention to Margaret. He confronts with her, and she tells him that she should stop forcing his attention upon her. Kennedy informs Kennedy that Margaret is the one to judge their friendship, and not he. Kennedy visits Margaret and begs her to give Norwood a chance to prove him that she will not see him again. "What right have you to deny me, Kennedy?" she asks. Kennedy, Kennedy, Kennedy. Kennedy receives the nomination to run for congressman against Bill Brady, a powerful political boss. His supporters assure him that he will be elected, due to the fact that his reputation is clean. Doyle and his band of crooked lawyers determine to elect him.

Kennedy begins his campaign, and while speaking his crew fall upon the unscrupulous Doyle. Doyle starts a posse among the crowd. Seeing this, Kennedy jumps down from the speaker's platform and starts after his bitter enemy. A free-for-all fight ensues. Kennedy is slain in the head with a sandbag. Failing, he is rushed to an automobile by two gangsters, who place him in Doyle's care. Margaret and Norwood pursue Doyle's machine. Seeing that Norwood is coming upon him, Doyle escapes, throwing Kennedy's limp body on the road. Kennedy slowly comes to, finds himself in Margaret's arms. Norwood, returning after his fruitless search for Doyle, finds Margaret and Kennedy together in one another's arms. Staying down dazedly, half unconsciously, he mutters, "Kennedy, the other man."

**CRIME IN MONTREAL.**  
MONTREAL, Dec. 23.—Ten murders head a record list of crimes compiled by the Montreal police department for the last year. Other items show 100 homicides, 43 executions, 42 accidents, 100 deaths, 1000 marriages.

UNEQUALLED  
ACTING  
BY KING

All Next Week at 3 and 8.30 p.m.

IN "EXPLOITS IN AFRICA"

The Steiner Trio Hilton &amp; Lazar

"THE FATAL RING"

Lawrence

Ellen

JOHNSON &amp; FLEURY

COUNTRESS VERONA

## Plays and Photoplays in Edmonton



Albert Brown in a scene from his greatest success, "The White Feather," at the Empire theatre Monday and New Year's day.

Then Hince  
CHARLES RAY  
Presenting Pictures

In "The Son of His Father," at the Monarch Theatre Monday and Tuesday.



Showing at the Empress Theatre all next week.

HERBERT  
BRENNON'S  
"THE FALL OF THE ROMANOVES"  
WITH ILDORF  
AND RASPUTIN

RAY HAS A PART  
ENTIRELY TO HIS  
JUVENILE LIKING

Five years ago, Charles Ray who will be seen at the Monarch the first half of next week in "The Son of His Father," was a member of an important musical company in the Far West. Today he is one of the recognized stars of the cinema world. His newest photoplay, given to the cinema, gives to the cinema a new type of opportunity for effective portrayal of an interesting character. He is seen as the son of a New York railroad magnate, who, with five thousand dollars, sets out to prove to his father that he possesses enough inherent business ability to make a hundred thousand dollars in six months. He makes good. In fact, he proves in every respect that he is the "son of his father."

It is a part very much to Ray's liking, and he brings it to the pleasure of his personality, the loyal enthusiasm and the recognized grasp for screen action that have made him a favorite everywhere.

**WHEAT FOR ALLEN.**  
HUNTER, ALLEN, Dec. 23.—It is announced that the Argentine government has arranged to sell to the Allen, 2,500,000 tons of wheat, of the present harvest. The details of the wheat arrangement are expected to be announced tomorrow.

SIGNOR PIETRO DE BIASI  
Bass  
SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY  
Late of Covent Garden, London

STORY OF RASPUTIN, MYSTIC  
MOUNTBANK, LIFTS VEIL ON  
SECRET HISTORY OF RUSSIA

People who never expect to understand Russia, past, present or future, are just now engaged in studying Rasputin, and the mountebank mystic who pulled Russia in by the nose, though detained in 1917 as Sveinvald, the Russian mystic, who was kept posted the watching of the great Russian picture, "The Fall of the Romanovs," which is at the Empress theatre, and in telling you the story of the life of Rasputin, it is authentic, a story gathered from the lives of the man, and backed up by the appearance in person in the film of Rasputin, the man who tried to teach Rasputin to read, and who tried to teach him that villain was leading Russia to ruin, and leave quick, as he came to America, and Herbert Brenson got him to tell about Russia through the medium of the film, back the country of which people on this continent know very little, what he gleaned from the Russian newspapers, the mystic, Rasputin would probably have been a Russian mystic, who had surrendered Russia into Germany's hands, but it is not known for certain whether he broke up a big meeting of the great Russian mystic, Rasputin, who was a man of great power, and who was the cause of the secret of the establishment of the empire in the army and spread disorder everywhere.

Russia was on the verge of signing a separate peace through Rasputin, who was ready to follow the pro-German plan, but was discovered. Then came the Russian revolution, which was the shortest revolution in history, but one of the most severe. If the truth was known, and Kerensky, temporary head of the Russian government, for itself. Would you see how he did it.

CHARLES RAY APPEARS  
FOR THE FIRST TIME  
ON PARAMOUNT PROGRAM

Famous Juvenile Comedian Given Admirable Role in "The Son of His Father" — William S. Hart on Weekend Program at Monarch.

For the first time in his brilliant career as a motion picture star, Charles Ray will be seen during next week in "The Son of His Father." One of the most popular themes of the picture is that of the son of a man's son who is thrown on the world without the inevitable moral assistance of the government. Rasputin, the villain of the picture, is the son of a man who is thrown on the world without the inevitable moral assistance of the government. Rasputin, the villain of the picture, is the son of a man who is thrown on the world without the inevitable moral assistance of the government.

The seventh episode of "The Son of His Father," which is on the program the week after next, will feature the production starring William S. Hart, which will be presented at the Monarch in addition to "The Son of His Father."

Pathe's new SERIAL SHOWN AT EMPRESS

First Episode of "The Seven Pearls" the Week After Next

That "The Seven Pearls," Pathe's latest serial, the first episode of which will be shown at the Empress theatre the week after next, will feature a serial of romance, adventure and thriller. It is the outline of those who have seen the first episode.

Chas. W. Goddard is the author of "The Seven Pearls." He is equally well-known as the writer of play and picture. He has evolved a wonderful dramatic plot, and the story is the tale of the serial public, just city and country, Kansas, Kansas for rapid action and the picture.

Mollie King plays the lead in this serial. Mollie King is a girl of great beauty and she appears in her various attitudes and many guises, and opening numbers and Cragdon Hall. These numbers, which are made for the national eye.

The first episode of "The Seven Pearls" is an interesting one. It is the first episode of the serial.

## MILLIONS DIE

Every year from Consumption, Millions could have been saved if only common sense prevention had been used in the first place. If YOU AVOID a Sufferer from Asthma, Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Croup and Croup-like diseases leading up to Consumption—Consult Dr. Strickland's Dr. Medicine. Write for Testimonials and Booklet. DR. STRICKLAND'S MEDICINE CO. 2500 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

## Empire Theatre

3 NIGHTS BEGINNING  
MONDAY, DECEMBER 31st

MATINEES NEW YEARS AND WEDNESDAY

RETURN ENGAGEMENT OF

ALBERT  
BROWN

IN HIS TWO GREAT SUCCESSSES

Monday and Tuesday Nights and New Year's Matinee.

## THE WHITE FEATHER

The Play Which Under the Title of "The Man Who Stayed at Home," Has a Record of 3 Years in England, 2 Years in Australia, 1 Solid Year in New York City.

ALL TRUE BRITISHERS AND ALL LOYAL CANADIANS SHOULD SEE IT.

Wednesday Matinee and Night

BY REQUEST

## THE LOVE OF A KING

By Paul Kester, Author of "Wind Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Sweet Nell of Old Drury."

Matinees: 50c, 75c, \$1. Box Seats \$1.50  
Nights: 50, 75, \$1, \$1.50. Box Seats \$2.



# MONARCH THEATRE

TODAY  
**MARY PICKFORD**  
 in **THE LITTLE PRINCESS**  
 MONDAY TUESDAY

THOS. H. INCE  
 Presents  
**CHARLES HARRIS**  
 in  
**"THE SON OF HIS FATHER"**



A Paramount Picture  
 From the Famous Novel by Hildgate Cullum  
 A Thrilling Story of Love, Youth and Ambition

ALSO SEVENTH INSTALLMENT OF  
**WHO IS NUMBER ONE?**  
 4 DAYS COMMENCING WEDNESDAY

**W.M. S. HART**  
 IN HIS LATEST MASTERPIECE

**'THE COLD DECK'**  
 ALSO  
**FATTY** in **'Fatty in ARBUCKLE - Coney Island'**

**Majesty Theatre**  
 FOR THE LAST TIME TODAY—WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS  
**GEORGE WALSH** in  
**"THE BOOK AGENT"**  
 Story by Walter Woods Directed by Otto Turner  
 Universal Weekly—Pathe Gazette

COMING MONDAY, TUESDAY AND SATURDAY  
**EDNA GOODRICH**  
 Known on Two Continents for Her Beauty and Her Ability as an Actress

**"REPUTATION"**  
 "The Neglected Wife." Chapter 8—With Ruth Roland.  
 Universal Current Events (The Latest)—Majesty Pipe Organ Orchestra

## Honor Roll of Western Canada

**EDNA GOODRICH**  
 Known on Two Continents for Her Beauty and Her Ability as an Actress

**W.M. S. HART**  
 IN HIS LATEST MASTERPIECE

**'THE COLD DECK'**  
 ALSO  
**FATTY** in **'Fatty in ARBUCKLE - Coney Island'**

**Majesty Theatre**  
 FOR THE LAST TIME TODAY—WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS  
**GEORGE WALSH** in  
**"THE BOOK AGENT"**  
 Story by Walter Woods Directed by Otto Turner  
 Universal Weekly—Pathe Gazette

COMING MONDAY, TUESDAY AND SATURDAY  
**EDNA GOODRICH**  
 Known on Two Continents for Her Beauty and Her Ability as an Actress

**"REPUTATION"**  
 "The Neglected Wife." Chapter 8—With Ruth Roland.  
 Universal Current Events (The Latest)—Majesty Pipe Organ Orchestra

## MAKE ALLTMENTS TO VICTORY LOAN BOND SUBSCRIBERS

Minister of Finance Announces That All Under Half Million Assigned in Full

Ottawa, Dec. 21.—The Minister of Finance, Sir Robert Borden, today announced that all subscribers to the Victory Loan Bonds who have made allotments of less than half a million dollars have been assigned in full.

The Minister stated that the government is pleased to announce that the subscription to the Victory Loan Bonds has reached a total of \$1,000,000,000, and that the government is confident that the subscription will reach \$2,000,000,000 before the end of the year.

The Minister also announced that the government is pleased to announce that the subscription to the Victory Loan Bonds has reached a total of \$1,000,000,000, and that the government is confident that the subscription will reach \$2,000,000,000 before the end of the year.

# ALBERT BROWN TO RETURN IN FIRST SUCCESS

**"The White Feather" Special**  
 New Year's Attraction at the Empire Theatre

That excellent actor, Albert Brown, is coming back to the Empire Theatre this week in a play that first won him his friends among Edmonton players. "The White Feather," a fine, new play, has met with the same degree of success that has attended the presentations by Albert Brown of the great English Secret Service drama. Mr. Brown has decided to devote the rest of his season, and in fact had no contract, to presenting "The Love of a King," but, instead, and against the demands for a revival of the play that he finally acquiesced in, with the exception of a few new scenes where he failed to get a release from his earlier contract he will give up the remainder of the season to presentations of "The White Feather." The decision is certain to meet with the approval of all play-goers who have seen the play with a punch. "The White Feather" will be presented Monday night, New Year's matinee and night. On Wednesday afternoon and evening, "The Love of a King" will be offered.

## News of the District

**SPIRIT RIVER**  
 H. C. Hamilton, Spirit River, is a holiday visitor to Edmonton. He left Spirit River on Friday, December 21, with a party of five, and on Saturday morning he arrived in Edmonton. He is a well-known figure in the district, and his visit is a source of interest to the community.

An average of seven tons of grain a day was coming into the elevators from the Spirit River, Waterhole and House Coues districts. The Waterhole is about thirty miles distant, with the deep valley of the Peace to cross, and Peace Coues is sixty miles. The grain realized is from \$1.50 for No. 2 down, according to grade. There is very little frost grain, the best being 40 cents for No. 1. Up to date about 10,000 bushels of grain of all kinds have been marketed here this season. It is expected that fully half a million will be marketed before the close of the winter season.

There is a good supply of cars, and the elevators, the Globe and the Alberta Pacific. The latter was only recently completed. What looked twenty years ago, in an earlier season, and on one from forty-five to sixty.

A large amount of young stock for breeding purposes is being shipped in to the district this fall. Mr. Landry, of House Coues, brought in twenty head of good grade heifers. He also brought in twenty head of good grade cows and one from forty-five to sixty.

Feed is plentiful this winter. Most settlers and stock producers have arrived in the district this fall. The grain is plentiful, and the stock is well cared for. The weather is good, and the district is in a state of prosperity.

## MAGNOLIA

The school children's program at the school house last Friday evening was very successful. Much of the success was due to the director and the school teacher. The boys' team, the girls' team, and the boys' and girls' shoe drill all were successful. Many fine songs were sung by some of the older people; others were entertaining readings and recitations. The program ended with a hearty "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" for the school teacher, Miss Mary McKewen. The settlers were promised by the superintendent of the G.T.P. that a building would be built on the N.W. 1/4 of Sec. 15, if the farmers would subscribe \$250 as their share of the building fund. The plan was to be ready by the end of January, 1918. When the money was subscribed the superintendent was to order that it would be necessary to subscribe \$407.34. Where this was subscribed, it would be necessary to build the school house.

Many think this is only a common way, which seems very mean. Others say this is a very good way to build the school house. The farmers expected this winter to sell the G.T.P. for \$1.50 per bushel. They had a drilling rig, a plow, a wood and fence post, which now will be shipped to the farmers. The school can spend their time on had made instead of doing their work at home.

Cl. Close, A. Burgess and W. R. H. have joined the Royal Flying Corps. They will be training in Edmonton at the beginning of the year. "Good luck" Magnolia, Dec. 21.

## STORY PLAIN

The "Story Plain" has been a source of interest to the community. The school children's program at the school house last Friday evening was very successful. Much of the success was due to the director and the school teacher. The boys' team, the girls' team, and the boys' and girls' shoe drill all were successful. Many fine songs were sung by some of the older people; others were entertaining readings and recitations. The program ended with a hearty "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" for the school teacher, Miss Mary McKewen. The settlers were promised by the superintendent of the G.T.P. that a building would be built on the N.W. 1/4 of Sec. 15, if the farmers would subscribe \$250 as their share of the building fund. The plan was to be ready by the end of January, 1918. When the money was subscribed the superintendent was to order that it would be necessary to subscribe \$407.34. Where this was subscribed, it would be necessary to build the school house.

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## ELECTRICITY HENS

Several politicians state that they had increased the production of eggs per cent, by forcing the hens with electricity. The hens have been kept in the dark for two hours before the coming of daylight and two hours after midnight. The hens, instead of sleeping, kept alert and changed in their favorite position of sitting. The result is more eggs.



WILLIAM H. EMPRESS OF GERMANY.  
 Source of Humanity.

# THE FALL OF THE EMPIRE

Most Diabolical Plot ever Conceived by mind of man is Fully Exposed

A DRAMA FROM REAL LIFE,  
 THE TELLING OF WHICH HAS  
 STIRRED TO ITS DEPTH  
 EVERY NATION ON EARTH.

ADMISSION PRICES  
**Matinee 25c**  
**Evening 35c**  
 Lower Floor.

Narrated from the story by ILIODORE, Russia's mad knight, former confidant to Rasputin, confessor to the Czar and Czarina, who personally appears in this amazing production.

The Inside Story of Personal Reasons That Led to the Disaster of a Powerful Dynasty  
 Secret Intrigue of Czarina and Rasputin with KAISER WILHELM and Efforts to Make the Czar Sign Separate Peace Treaty—Rasputin's Death—The Revolution.

Coming Jan. 10, 11, 12—Mollie King and Creighton Hall in "The Seven Pearls" Serial

# New Welding 250,000 Miles of Railways Into One Vast System To Help in Winning the War

Washington, Dec. 28.—As the first practical step in the government's plan to weld the railroads of the United States into one vast system, Director General McAdoo directed the railroad's war board into the government service to work out plans of unified operation and submit them to him for approval.

The following five railroad executives, each a leader in the business of transportation, will work out the plan for welding 250,000 miles of railroads into one great continental system for winning the war:

Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway; Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the board of the Southern Pacific; Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania; Hale Holden, president of the Burlington; Howard Elliott, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford.

McAdoo announced that he had called on the members of the railroad war board to work out a general plan of operation. It is indicated that the war board will continue as the operating body in charge of the country's roads.

# Delegates Will Resume Work on Negotiations on Eastern Frontier Jan. 4th; To Ask Allies Again

Trotsky Preparing Another Message to the World—Czar Expresses Desire to Deal With All the Allies, Dealing Mainly With Broad Principles at Issue.

**New Armistice Reported**  
 An armistice is reported to have been reached between the Bolsheviks and the Russian government. The armistice is said to be a preliminary step towards a general peace. The Russian government is said to be in a position to accept the armistice, and the Bolsheviks are said to be in a position to accept the armistice.

**Bertin's Viewpoint**  
 American, Dec. 28.—The Berlin viewpoint on the importance of the armistice is said to be a preliminary step towards a general peace. The Russian government is said to be in a position to accept the armistice, and the Bolsheviks are said to be in a position to accept the armistice.

**WORLD FIGHT FOR U.S.**  
 London, Dec. 28.—A number of the United States government have agreed to a ten-day peace in the world. The United States government is said to be in a position to accept the armistice, and the Bolsheviks are said to be in a position to accept the armistice.







# Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Events of the Week

ALL THEY SAVED AT HALIFAX

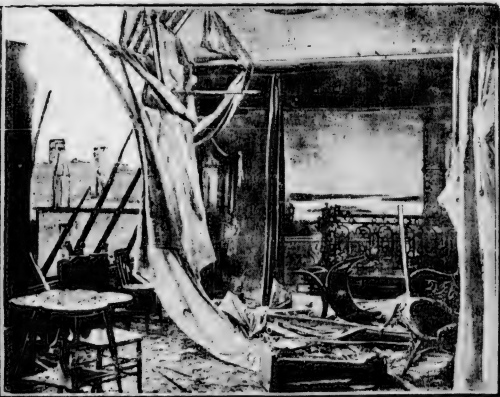


Members of three families, and all they managed to rescue from explosion.

WHERE FORTY HALIFAX CHILDREN LOST THEIR LIVES



Ruins of the St. Joseph's Church School at Halifax, where forty children were killed. The roof fell in with a crash.



This is the ruin of a photo-studio more than two miles away from the explosion.

A STRANGE FREAK OF HALIFAX EXPLOSION



Church steeple carried two miles by force of explosion. When the explosion occurred the walls and roof of the Grove Street church, of Richmond, collapsed. The force of the explosion carried the steeple a distance of two miles, dropping it intact.

OUIMET, FAMOUS GOLFER



Francis Ouimet, the famous golf champion, barring at "Halt," further progress into Camp Devens, at Ayer, Mass., where he is in training.

COMMANDS H.M.S. IN WEST ATLANTIC



Vice-Admiral Montague E. Browning, who lost his left arm in the Jutland Battle, has been on a visit to the U.S. shipyards.



"Bullet Joe" Bush, star hurler of the Athletics, a recent acquisition to trapshooting, is already a ninety per cent. shot.

SIR AUCKLAND AND LADY GEDDES



Recent photo of new British Minister of National Service, who before the war was a medical professor at McGill.

WHERE THE HALIFAX HOMELESS ARE HOUSED



The tented city on the North Common Halifax, N.S. Here many thousands were sheltered from the freezing weather and snowstorm which followed on the heels of the great fire.

CANADIAN SOCCERITES AT THE FRONT



The second man from the left in the top row is Pte. E. Dabbs, who played with Cote St. Paul and Lachine, and is now in France. The fourth man from the left in the second row is Pte. D. Withers, who played with Cote St. Paul.

UNITED STATES TROOPS IN THE TRENCHES



Summies watching an air battle from the first line.

LADY EVELYN BYNG.



Wife of General Sir Julian Byng, who made the great drive at Cambrai.









**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**  
**EW GILLETTE CO. LTD.**  
TORONTO, CANADA  
(WHOLESALE) (MONTREAL)

# Asentees Without Leave From First Military Draft Will Get Full Penalty For Deserters

## Five Classes of Men Affected in Order Following First Call to Colors—Rewards to be Given Civil Police and Peace Officers for Delivery of Draft Evaders.

Ottawa, Dec. 28.—With the calling up of the first draft next week among measures will be taken against men who failed to appear under the Military Service Act. Announcement of a reward to any civil police or peace officer for the apprehension and delivery into military custody of a deserter or absentee without leave will be the forerunner of further steps to ensure that all members of these classes comply with the law.

Instructions for dealing with deserters and absentees without leave have been issued by the military authorities. The different groups of men who are affected are as follows:—  
1.—Men who, having been called up, failed to appear for duty.  
2.—Men who, having been called up, failed to appear for duty, but who were subsequently found to be in the hands of the military authorities.

# Dominion Fuel Controller Has Scheme For Civic Regulation Of Household Coal Supplies

## Suggests That Mayors of Cities and Towns Appoint Officials to Look After Interests of Those Refused Coal by Local Dealers—Team-work Essential at Present Time.

Ottawa, Dec. 28.—With the object of securing a fair distribution of coal among consumers, C. A. Marshall, Dominion Fuel Controller, has written to the mayors of all cities and towns throughout the Dominion, suggesting that they appoint officials to look after the interests of those refused coal by local dealers.

# LATIN-AMERICA NOT TO HOLD CONGRESS UNTIL THE SPRING

Buenos Ayres, Dec. 28.—The government of Argentina has announced that the congress of the neutral Latin-American states, which was to have been held in April, is postponed until the spring.

# HAIRGAL COLLEGE

**HAIRGAL COLLEGE**  
Main School: 1840 JAVIER ST.  
Correspondence: 1840 JAVIER ST.  
Dormitory: 1840 JAVIER ST.  
Science: 1840 JAVIER ST.  
Dormitory: 1840 JAVIER ST.  
Training: 1840 JAVIER ST.  
Home: 1840 JAVIER ST.  
Nursing: 1840 JAVIER ST.  
MRS. KNOX, PRINCIPAL, TORONTO

# VICTORY LOAN

Payments due on January 2nd may be made at any time and including January 11th. Securities will be delivered in exchange for payments then due. Payments due January 2nd must be made at the Bank branch mentioned in the application.

The extension of time to January 11th is given for the convenience of subscribers and Banks so that subscribers will not be unduly detained waiting their turn at a Receiving Teller's window, as would most likely be the case if all payments were to be made on one day only. Subscribers should not wait until January 11th, or a day or so before, and then create the situation sought to be avoided. In every case, however, the rate of five and one-half per cent per annum from January 2nd must be paid if payment is not made on or before the 11th.

For the convenience of subscribers, by arrangement of the Canadian Bankers' Association, Banks will remain open on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, January 3rd and 4th, and on the afternoon of Saturday, January 5th. Evening hours 7.30 to 9.30. Saturday afternoon from 2 until 6 o'clock. It has been brought to the attention of the Finance Department that a considerable number of subscribers, who have deposits with Banks, are under the impression that their Banks will take care of their January payments by automatically debiting their accounts with the necessary payments. This is incorrect. Each and every subscriber must personally arrange for these payments.

T. C. BOVILLE, Secretary Minister of Finance.

**LIVE STOCK NEWS**  
**600 ANIMALS**  
**IN 16 AUCTIONS**  
**TOTAL \$242,000**  
**Live Stock Sales Prominent Accessory of Recent Winter Fair at Calgary**

In the Calgary Winter Fair, held at the fair grounds, there were sixteen auctions of live stock, some 600 animals changing hands, for the sum of \$242,000. The sales were as follows:—  
1.—Auction of good animals sold for private sale.  
2.—Auction of good animals sold for private sale.  
3.—Auction of good animals sold for private sale.

# GETTING LOW

One thing is certain, although there is a war on, and that is the hay and straw market is getting low.

# BEATING HORSE COST \$5

An Alliance man was assessed \$50 and some for beating and bottling several horses belonging to a neighboring farmer.

# CYCLIST AVOIDED \$30

Wm. McKinnon sold nine purchased horses, including a young stock of the Calgary show at an average price of \$10. This was the highest average price realized from any bunch sold here, the price of his horses being over \$1200—Olanite.

# HEREFORD COW \$225

Hereford bull (bull) at the McPherson show at an average price of \$225. This was the highest average price realized from any bunch sold here, the price of his horses being over \$1200—Olanite.

# 3 CARS BURNED

Jim Chisholm shipped three cars to be burned at Edmonton.

# FAIR ANIMALS IN SMALL TOWNS

In many small towns there are some up on the restrictions regarding the sale of live stock.

# WINTER STOCK NEWS

Walter Horne shipped two cars of live stock to the fair grounds.

# CHILLOD OF BEET CREEK

Wm. Stinson, of Meville Creek, has a carload of live stock.

# NO C.N.R. GRAIN CARS

N. P. Murphy, of Meville Creek, has a carload of live stock.

# MUCH GOATS IN B.C.

British Columbia now has over 350,000 goats.

# FALL RYE FOR FEED

Fall rye has been doing marvels in the fields of the province.

# IMPORTS CALL FOR HORSES

Imports call for horses, bringing a large number of horses to the fair grounds.

# STOCK REGISTERED

Stock registered, bringing a large number of horses to the fair grounds.

# GOOD TURNOUT OF MEMBERS AT ANNUAL MEETING

Good turnout of members at the annual meeting of the Nakanam Agricultural Society.

# EDMONTON BULLETIN

Edmonton Bulletin, December 29, 1917.

# IF BACKACHE OR DONEY'S BOTHER

Earl least must also take glass of Sals before eating breakfast.

# WHY A FOUR THOUSAND UNION WORKMEN IN OHIO STRIKE

Protest Against Imprisonment of Leaders Charged With Rioting at Hamilton.

# BRIGHT EYES

Indicate healthy health. When the eyes are bright, the body is healthy.

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

Leave a Sale of Any Medicine in the World.

**Forty-Eighth Annual Statement of The Royal Bank of Canada**

# GENERAL STATEMENT

30TH NOVEMBER 1917

# LIABILITIES

Deposits not bearing interest	\$ 70,498,667	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement	182,488,715	252,987,382
Notes of the Bank in Circulation	16,000,000	16,159,351
Balance due to Dominion Government	36,704,753	14,585,059
Balance due to other Banks in Canada	5,801,808	5,801,808
Balance due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries	1,169,396	1,169,396
Bills Payable	287,494	5,103,196
Acceptances under Letters of Credit	330,703,795	330,703,795

# TO THE SHAREHOLDERS

Capital Stock Paid Up	\$ 14,000,000	12,911,700
Balance of Profits carried forward	34,264,33	1,364,364
Dividend No. 121 (at 12 per cent. per annum, payable December 1st, 1917)	287,351	
Dividends Unclaimed	7,075	394,426
		\$25,574,186

# ASSETS

Current Notes	\$ 16,079,839	
Dominion Notes	16,284,44	
Deposits in the Central Gold Reserve	\$ 34,264,33	
Deposits with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund	64,585	
Notes of other Banks	5,308,201	
Deposits of other Banks	21,969,81	
Balance due by other Banks in Canada	229,885	
Balance due by Banks and Banking Correspondents, not exceeding market value	10,764,338	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value	27,237,317	
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value	21,586,347	
Call Loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value	12,775,643	
Call Loans and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding thirty days' Loans elsewhere than in Canada	14,576,136	
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	\$10,313,027	
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)	35,764,032	
Overdue Deposits (estimated loss provided for)	490,084	
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	1,114,551	
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amount written off	1,114,551	
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contract	5,103,196	
Other Assets not included in the foregoing	12,911,700	
		\$33,574,186

H. S. HOLT, President. EDSON L. PEASE, Managing Director. C. E. NEILL, General Manager.

# AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

We report on the accounts of the Bank which have come under our notice have been found to be correct.

# PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1916	\$ 853,246
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management and all other expenses, accrued interest and deposits paid provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	3,317,979
	\$ 4,171,215

# APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS—

Dividends Nos. 118, 119, 120 and 121, at 12 per cent. per annum	\$ 1,549,040
Transfer to Office Reserve Fund	100,000
Transfer to Office Reserve Fund	210,000
War Tax on Bank, New Caledonia	128,37
Contribution to Patriotic Fund	60,000
Transfer to Reserve Fund	2,864,808
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	34,264,33
	\$ 4,171,215

# RESERVE FUND

Balance at Credit 30th November, 1916	\$ 1,550,000
Premium on New Capital Stock issued to Quebec, 1916	911,700
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account	526,300
	\$ 4,000,000

H. S. HOLT, President. EDSON L. PEASE, Managing Director. C. E. NEILL, General Manager.

# CABLES OPENED FROM ENGLAND TO NEXT-OF-KIN

Fuller Information to Soldiers' Relatives in Canada Promised in London.

Ottawa, Dec. 28.—The military department has received a communication from the War Office, London, to the effect that the cable will be used more freely in future to convey information regarding Canadian soldiers who are in the hands of the enemy.

# WHY A FOUR THOUSAND UNION WORKMEN IN OHIO STRIKE

Protest Against Imprisonment of Leaders Charged With Rioting at Hamilton.

Hamilton, Ohio, Dec. 28.—Four thousand union workmen refused to work today in a protest against the imprisonment of their leaders charged with rioting at Hamilton.

# BRIGHT EYES

Indicate healthy health. When the eyes are bright, the body is healthy.

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

Leave a Sale of Any Medicine in the World.

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Leave a Sale of Any Medicine in the World.

Leave a Sale of Any Medicine in the World.





## Business Cards Continued

**Osteopathic Physicians**  
DR. H. C. HENNING, D.O., 1014-1016, 1018-1020, 1022-1024, 1026-1028, 1030-1032, 1034-1036, 1038-1040, 1042-1044, 1046-1048, 1050-1052, 1054-1056, 1058-1060, 1062-1064, 1066-1068, 1070-1072, 1074-1076, 1078-1080, 1082-1084, 1086-1088, 1090-1092, 1094-1096, 1098-1100, 1102-1104, 1106-1108, 1110-1112, 1114-1116, 1118-1120, 1122-1124, 1126-1128, 1130-1132, 1134-1136, 1138-1140, 1142-1144, 1146-1148, 1150-1152, 1154-1156, 1158-1160, 1162-1164, 1166-1168, 1170-1172, 1174-1176, 1178-1180, 1182-1184, 1186-1188, 1190-1192, 1194-1196, 1198-1200, 1202-1204, 1206-1208, 1210-1212, 1214-1216, 1218-1220, 1222-1224, 1226-1228, 1230-1232, 1234-1236, 1238-1240, 1242-1244, 1246-1248, 1250-1252, 1254-1256, 1258-1260, 1262-1264, 1266-1268, 1270-1272, 1274-1276, 1278-1280, 1282-1284, 1286-1288, 1290-1292, 1294-1296, 1298-1300, 1302-1304, 1306-1308, 1310-1312, 1314-1316, 1318-1320, 1322-1324, 1326-1328, 1330-1332, 1334-1336, 1338-1340, 1342-1344, 1346-1348, 1350-1352, 1354-1356, 1358-1360, 1362-1364, 1366-1368, 1370-1372, 1374-1376, 1378-1380, 1382-1384, 1386-1388, 1390-1392, 1394-1396, 1398-1400, 1402-1404, 1406-1408, 1410-1412, 1414-1416, 1418-1420, 1422-1424, 1426-1428, 1430-1432, 1434-1436, 1438-1440, 1442-1444, 1446-1448, 1450-1452, 1454-1456, 1458-1460, 1462-1464, 1466-1468, 1470-1472, 1474-1476, 1478-1480, 1482-1484, 1486-1488, 1490-1492, 1494-1496, 1498-1500, 1502-1504, 1506-1508, 1510-1512, 1514-1516, 1518-1520, 1522-1524, 1526-1528, 1530-1532, 1534-1536, 1538-1540, 1542-1544, 1546-1548, 1550-1552, 1554-1556, 1558-1560, 1562-1564, 1566-1568, 1570-1572, 1574-1576, 1578-1580, 1582-1584, 1586-1588, 1590-1592, 1594-1596, 1598-1600, 1602-1604, 1606-1608, 1610-1612, 1614-1616, 1618-1620, 1622-1624, 1626-1628, 1630-1632, 1634-1636, 1638-1640, 1642-1644, 1646-1648, 1650-1652, 1654-1656, 1658-1660, 1662-1664, 1666-1668, 1670-1672, 1674-1676, 1678-1680, 1682-1684, 1686-1688, 1690-1692, 1694-1696, 1698-1700, 1702-1704, 1706-1708, 1710-1712, 1714-1716, 1718-1720, 1722-1724, 1726-1728, 1730-1732, 1734-1736, 1738-1740, 1742-1744, 1746-1748, 1750-1752, 1754-1756, 1758-1760, 1762-1764, 1766-1768, 1770-1772, 1774-1776, 1778-1780, 1782-1784, 1786-1788, 1790-1792, 1794-1796, 1798-1800, 1802-1804, 1806-1808, 1810-1812, 1814-1816, 1818-1820, 1822-1824, 1826-1828, 1830-1832, 1834-1836, 1838-1840, 1842-1844, 1846-1848, 1850-1852, 1854-1856, 1858-1860, 1862-1864, 1866-1868, 1870-1872, 1874-1876, 1878-1880, 1882-1884, 1886-1888, 1890-1892, 1894-1896, 1898-1900, 1902-1904, 1906-1908, 1910-1912, 1914-1916, 1918-1920, 1922-1924, 1926-1928, 1930-1932, 1934-1936, 1938-1940, 1942-1944, 1946-1948, 1950-1952, 1954-1956, 1958-1960, 1962-1964, 1966-1968, 1970-1972, 1974-1976, 1978-1980, 1982-1984, 1986-1988, 1990-1992, 1994-1996, 1998-2000, 2002-2004, 2006-2008, 2010-2012, 2014-2016, 2018-2020, 2022-2024, 2026-2028, 2030-2032, 2034-2036, 2038-2040, 2042-2044, 2046-2048, 2050-2052, 2054-2056, 2058-2060, 2062-2064, 2066-2068, 2070-2072, 2074-2076, 2078-2080, 2082-2084, 2086-2088, 2090-2092, 2094-2096, 2098-2100, 2102-2104, 2106-2108, 2110-2112, 2114-2116, 2118-2120, 2122-2124, 2126-2128, 2130-2132, 2134-2136, 2138-2140, 2142-2144, 2146-2148, 2150-2152, 2154-2156, 2158-2160, 2162-2164, 2166-2168, 2170-2172, 2174-2176, 2178-2180, 2182-2184, 2186-2188, 2190-2192, 2194-2196, 2198-2200, 2202-2204, 2206-2208, 2210-2212, 2214-2216, 2218-2220, 2222-2224, 2226-2228, 2230-2232, 2234-2236, 2238-2240, 2242-2244, 2246-2248, 2250-2252, 2254-2256, 2258-2260, 2262-2264, 2266-2268, 2270-2272, 2274-2276, 2278-2280, 2282-2284, 2286-2288, 2290-2292, 2294-2296, 2298-2300, 2302-2304, 2306-2308, 2310-2312, 2314-2316, 2318-2320, 2322-2324, 2326-2328, 2330-2332, 2334-2336, 2338-2340, 2342-2344, 2346-2348, 2350-2352, 2354-2356, 2358-2360, 2362-2364, 2366-2368, 2370-2372, 2374-2376, 2378-2380, 2382-2384, 2386-2388, 2390-2392, 2394-2396, 2398-2400, 2402-2404, 2406-2408, 2410-2412, 2414-2416, 2418-2420, 2422-2424, 2426-2428, 2430-2432, 2434-2436, 2438-2440, 2442-2444, 2446-2448, 2450-2452, 2454-2456, 2458-2460, 2462-2464, 2466-2468, 2470-2472, 2474-2476, 2478-2480, 2482-2484, 2486-2488, 2490-2492, 2494-2496, 2498-2500, 2502-2504, 2506-2508, 2510-2512, 2514-2516, 2518-2520, 2522-2524, 2526-2528, 2530-2532, 2534-2536, 2538-2540, 2542-2544, 2546-2548, 2550-2552, 2554-2556, 2558-2560, 2562-2564, 2566-2568, 2570-2572, 2574-2576, 2578-2580, 2582-2584, 2586-2588, 2590-2592, 2594-2596, 2598-2600, 2602-2604, 2606-2608, 2610-2612, 2614-2616, 2618-2620, 2622-2624, 2626-2628, 2630-2632, 2634-2636, 2638-2640, 2642-2644, 2646-2648, 2650-2652, 2654-2656, 2658-2660, 2662-2664, 2666-2668, 2670-2672, 2674-2676, 2678-2680, 2682-2684, 2686-2688, 2690-2692, 2694-2696, 2698-2700, 2702-2704, 2706-2708, 2710-2712, 2714-2716, 2718-2720, 2722-2724, 2726-2728, 2730-2732, 2734-2736, 2738-2740, 2742-2744, 2746-2748, 2750-2752, 2754-2756, 2758-2760, 2762-2764, 2766-2768, 2770-2772, 2774-2776, 2778-2780, 2782-2784, 2786-2788, 2790-2792, 2794-2796, 2798-2800, 2802-2804, 2806-2808, 2810-2812, 2814-2816, 2818-2820, 2822-2824, 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5374-5376, 5378-5380, 5382-5384, 5386-5388, 5390-5392, 5394-5396, 5398-5400, 5402-5404, 5406-5408, 5410-5412, 5414-5416, 5418-5420, 5422-5424, 5426-5428, 5430-5432,

## GLOVES AND HOSIERY!

"Radium" Pure Thread Silk Hose in black, white and colors. Per pair . . . . .	\$2.50 and \$1.50	Bertin's Guaranteed Kid Gloves, Comes in white, black and colors. All sizes. Per pair . . . . .	\$1.75, \$2.75, \$3.50 and . . . . .	\$2.75
Fine Cashmere Hose for women, in black and white. Per pair . . . . .	\$1.00 and \$1.75	Children's Wash Cape Gloves. Per pair \$1.50		

Phone Private Exchange 9311

## Offering Rare Values in Silks

<b>WHITE JAP HADUTAI</b> —48 inches wide. Un- tearable and will wear and wash well. A yard .....	<b>\$1.00</b>	<b>BLACK WOOL SERGE</b> —54 inches wide. All pure wool, with a soft finish, and guaran- teed dye. A yard .....	<b>\$2.25</b>
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<b>UNTEARABLE HABITAI</b> —36 inches wide. Heavy even weave and of great wear. Fine quality. A yard	<b>\$1.25</b>
<b>UNTEARABLE HABITAI</b> —36 inches wide. For men's shirts and ladies' intimate wear. A yard	<b>\$1.50</b>
<b>BLACK TAFFETA</b> —36 inches wide, pure dye, soft chiffon finish. Saturday only, per yard	<b>\$1.89</b>
<b>HEADSKIN COATING</b> —64 inches wide. Cream only. In plain and curl weaves. A yard	<b>\$2.50</b>
<b>CORD VELVETENS</b> —27 inches wide. In a large range of colors. Saturday Special, Per yard	<b>49c</b>
<b>HOLLOW CUT VELVET</b> —36 inches wide. All the new shades. Regular \$2.75. Saturday sale, a yard	<b>\$1.50</b>

**Specials for Saturday in Our Staple Department**

<p><b>BLEACHED TABLE DAMASK</b> of strong wearing construction; good patterns; 54 inches wide. Saturday, a yard..... <b>49c</b></p>	<p><b>SCARLET WOOL FLANNEL</b>—Woven from pure wool yarns, in splendid reliable quality; 27 inches wide. Saturday, a yard..... <b>85c</b></p>
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<b>NAVY AND GRAY FLANNELS</b> Woven from hard twisted cottons and sea-island cottons, weave: mid-gray and navy. Plain weave silver gray, mid gray and navy. Yard.....	<b>38c</b>	<b>WHITE TURKISH TOWELS—</b> Closely woven with heavy pile; excellent drying quality; white with hemmed ends. Sizes 21x10 inches. ....	<b>59c</b>	<b>STRIPED SHIRTING FLANNELS—</b> The very best shirt for men and boys can be made from the splendid wearing neat striped flannels. Values to \$6c. Saturday, a yard.....	<b>59c</b>
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## Saturday Specials in Shoes!

<p>either top sole. In blue or red. Sizes 8 to 12. Saturday ..... <b>75c</b></p> <p><b>MEN'S BOX KID SKATING SHOES</b>, with inside ankle support and strap, padded tongue and warm soles. Sizes 8 to 12. Saturday ..... <b>\$1.25</b></p>	<p>Violet, green, black, etc. Sizes 3 to 7. Regular \$1.65. Saturday ..... <b>\$1.25</b></p> <p><b>WOMEN'S BLACK WATER-PROOF CHAUVENET SHOES</b>—Elevée lined; 3 inch toes; plain toes; black piano felt insoles. Sizes 5 to 7. Saturday ..... <b>\$1.25</b></p>
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leather, has inside ankle support and strap; laced to toe-caps; best, synthetic shoe (1). **\$3.15**


Plated Skates, Sizes 7 to 11. Reg. \$7.  
Saturday.



**\$5.10**

comfort and imitation cap; all flexible Gardsner welted seven soles. Sizes 2½ to 7. Regular \$10.00 value.

**\$7.65**



### Unusual Values for Men

Clean-up Prices on Useful Gift Articles

**MEN'S \$2.50 MASTIC GLOVES, \$1.00**  
 Each pair. Washable Cane Cloth. Must  
 have black pointed lucks; size  
 to 16. Saturday special. **\$1.00**

**EACH PAIR . . . . .**

**MEN'S TIE AND MUFFLER SETS**  
 The balance left from Xmas Beautiful  
 Trimmed and Silk Scarfs and Tie to  
 match, in holly hares. Choice pat-  
 terns. Regular \$2.50, \$2.50  
 and \$5.00. Saturday spec. **\$2.00**

**BOYS' \$1.25 DIAMONDS, SAT. 50c**  
 About 150 pairs of boys' Borekas brand  
 must have heavy ribbed rings. Size  
 12 to 18, worth \$1.25 and over;  
 while they last, per pair **50c**

**MEN'S PER CARPS AND COLLARS, WORTH  
 \$3.00, CLEARING SATURDAY AT \$1.00**  
 All sizes. Choice patterns. Collars  
 and sport shirts. Per collars in fine black  
 velvet suit, with fancy quilted back.  
 Tricelac to clear quickly at **\$1.00**

**Clearing Men's Ties at 50c**  
 Good ties. The \$1.00, also sev-  
 eral \$1.50 ones. The balance  
 of our Xmas stock,  
 including large range of new  
 knitted Ties in the popular  
 colors, patterned neckties, all  
 almost fancy color combination,  
 and some gorgeous designs. Special  
 at 75c. Nearly 2,000 Ties to  
 sell, and this judiciously by  
 each **50c**

**MEN'S POPLIN WITH STRIPES,  
 HALF PRICE**  
 The popular clothing shops. Plain  
 poplins as well as fancy patterns in  
 self colors. And of our Xmas  
 stock, clearing Saturday, each **50c**

**MEN'S BATH ROBES, LONGING ROBES AND  
 SMOCKING JACKETS, SATURDAY, HALF PRICE**  
 Most of our stock of Bath Robes, Lounge  
 Robes and Smoking Jackets, including many pat-  
 terns and plain colors. Triced regularly from  
 \$19.00 to \$25.00, now **\$10.00 to \$12.50**

## Burnt Leather Novelties,

## Saturday Half-Price!

including a large assortment of useful leather novelties such as glove cases, handkerchief cases, pipe racks, book covers, pannels, book marks, calendars, etc. **Half Price**

## A Musical Victory

Mr. Seedhouse furnished the music.

Mr. Sunday was the busiest day Sandugo has experienced. The lively barn was full of some 300 head of cattle, inside and there had to feed in the cold. The hotel was doing a rushing business. The elevator was also very busy taking in grain and selling flour and feed.

The stores were very crowded with customers. The thermometer ranged from 7 to 38 degrees below zero.

Sandugo, De. 28.

**WHITECOURT**

W. Torckson has moved his family to the new place. The green

Wesley Ward returned from McCreone Lake with his and his son's catch of fish. The fish are making preparations for their winter fishing. He brought a few fine specimens.

McCaferay Bros. have finished their wintering of the sheep.

Benjamin Ward has purchased the Cornell building and moved it on the McCreone Lake. He finally got it down in time.

D. Ball was in town buying fur. He has a fine lot of furs and is disposing of them. He had a good yield of grain.

Leadly is home to spend Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Shaggs are in town. They are and are going on their homestead.

Miss McKay has gone to Edmonton to visit her mother.

Whitecourt, Dec. 24th

**BUY PURCHASED CLYDES.**

Ernest Smith, Harry Watkins, Tom Leeder and Wm. McKinnon brought in seven head of purebred Clydes from the Glasgow and Severn mares of all these were purchased. The three first mentioned each purchased a team and McKinnon five head. It takes some money, but the boys are proud of their purchases, and their

up with a feeling of de-  
fiance, not to be beaten, you cry,  
or anything—and for the  
rest of your life, you  
are a dead-end, either  
stagnant at the stagnant  
depths of your life, or  
left, like the soldier  
who has lost all courage,  
a fierce declaration that  
John DeMott has made, to  
be a man for what stands  
of unseparated addition  
and, when you are  
in a bull's foot and who  
the Man-in-the-Street in  
your region is the  
Man-in-the-time you have  
reputed to be the  
your experience, from  
the your experience and  
are whistling the tune like



# *The Bulletin Magazine*

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1917.

## FICTION Magazine



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# With the Allied Armies in France and Flanders

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Soldiers during their spare time collect plants and flowers to decorate the graves of our fallen heroes.  
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



On the British Western Front.—The Queen interested in an aeroplane.  
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



A howitzer ready for firing.  
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



Tommy as Sailor.—Work of transport on the canals.  
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



On the British Western Front.—His Majesty reading the inscription on graves.  
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



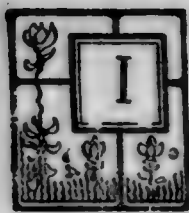
On the British Western Front.—The shoeing smith at work.  
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



# THE DEVIL'S LAUGH

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by Sam Rothell



**I**T WAS really a bit strange that a marriage starting as well as the Hiltons' should in a measure have gone wrong. Not that anything on the surface (save, perhaps, Judith's rest-

lessness) showed the undercurrents of dissatisfaction and bewilderment, but the marriage was not giving all that it promised. That was all.

The fact that the young couple abided in an apartment hotel in which lived many women with lap dogs and idle hands may have had something to do with Judith's seeking for excitement, for idle people must have external touchstones to inspire them. Yet the hurtful atmosphere can't altogether explain the shadow of a tragedy that hovered about, because all the elements of a successful venture had assuredly been present in the beginning—a deep love, freedom for both in so far as society would tolerate, a high sense of romance and certainly the capacity for sacrifice, at least on Hilton's part.

The trouble sprang mainly from two cherished qualities in Hilton—self-control and a strong sense of justice. All his life he had made a fetish of self-control, hiding successfully most of his deeper feelings; and his elevated sense of justice was constantly taking into consideration Judith's deprived girlhood. It can readily be gained that he had not quite enough alloy in his nature to make his marriage continually interesting—to Judith.

Hilton was not a money maker; but Judith was wont to declare that she didn't care for money itself, only her pride made her wish Oliver to show to the world that he was a big man, and since he was not spectacularly talented the only means by which he could gain the world's attention was by making money.

When conditions were in that precarious state where a pair realizes that something is wrong, but do not talk matters out, Judith was invited by a neighbor living in the apartment hotel to a card party, and at this party was a woman named Ridgeway.

Mrs. Ridgeway was the wife of a millionaire, loosely termed Mrs. Ridgeway was beginning to look as old as she was, and certainly she didn't appear contented. Least of all happy. She watched Judith closely, thought the young wife naive and very sweetly pretty, and took occasion to play up to her a little. This for her own reason.

Soon Judith was receiving invitations to visit the rich woman's home, and there she met men and women of a sort new in her experience. She didn't really care for them, particularly Mrs. Ridgeway's admirers, mostly young men with receding chins and strangely clipped accents. But the beautiful home and the soft-footed servants; all the velvet luxuries of wealth, got into her very fiber, and she began to wish with all her heart that she might have a few of the magnificences evidently thought so little of in Mrs. Ridgeway's set. And she was too awed at first to realize that some of the women snubbed her.

It came about that late one afternoon Judith met John Ridgeway. He was letting himself into his home very carefully, almost surreptitiously, and Judith was

Judith woke up from her dream to see herself a bargainer in jewels and luxury and the other soft things of life, and then—

letting herself out very carefully; also there were tears in her eyes.

They both stopped and stared at one another. Judith had a sense of liking Ridgeway at once. He seemed so much a man of power, with his gray hair and his deep eyes that looked steadfastly into hers. He returned her feeling of having come upon some one a little different, a very attractive young woman with a little subtle something added for good measure.

So, like a pair of children they stood regarding one another. At last Judith almost whispered:

"I was just running away from the party."

"Ah," he returned; "we're fellow criminals. I don't like tea parties."

"I do," she confided, "very much, only—" and then she blushed and quite unthinkingly cast a

Ridgeway was not long puzzled, but no feeling of jealousy was in him. At least he knew Mrs. Ridgeway would take no chances of alienating even her tolerant world. But he began right then very definitely his pursuit of Judith. "My machine is at the door," he said very polite-



*He bore her like a feather across paddles and little ankle-turning stones.*

despairing look down at her little green crepe dress.

Ridgeway, most observing of men, most acute, too, in his deductions, knew immediately what was wrong. Her dress had come in for half-veiled glances from the women his wife gathered about her. A fleeting thought of his wife's modest bill came to him, and he smiled.

That smile made him seem very human to Judith, standing there with her wistful eyes and her pretty lips.

But why had his wife taken up this charming little, half-hesitating creature?

ly and impersonally; "may I drive you home?"

"Oh, thank you," said Judith at once. She saw the friendly look in his eyes and an inspiring plan came to her mind. Perhaps this powerful man could do something for Oliver in a business way. She would, therefore, be very nice to him with this end in view.

So with a sigh of content she settled back in the luxurious car and forgot the women's side glances at her plain little frock. She was surprised at Ridgeway's humanness. He seemed so simple, so in-

clined to be friendly. When he suggested that he see her again some time, in quite his own off-hand way, she consented brightly and gave him her telephone number.

It was great fun to tell Oliver of her conquest that night. He listened and thought how altogether desirable she was, and that she deserved more than at present he could give her.

She sat on the arm of his chair.

"Sure you're not jealous, dear?" she asked, but she wasn't really interested in his answer, because she knew it by heart, and she hardly heard it when it came.

"I want you to have all the good things of life," he said; "I'd be a selfish brute to keep you from any happiness you might have."

"I believe Mr. Ridgeway could do something for you in a business way," she said, running her fingers through Oliver's hair.

At this he stiffened a bit, but true to his ethics of self-control he crushed down the retort that he could go on his own way as long as his good strength continued.

"Some men," murmured Judith, looking down at him so that her face grew a little pointed, resembling her great grandmother, who loved the antics of the cave man, "object to their wives receiving even the least bit of attention from other men."

He did not change countenance, so firm a hand did he exercise over his emotions.

"I have complete trust in you, Judith," he said, and Judith sighed a little as at the loss of an excitation denied her.

Hilton's trust was quite justified, Judith used to say to her conscience as she

sped down beautiful countrysides with Ridgeway in a small machine he drove himself. Ridgeway was still so unobtrusively friendly, so delighted with her enjoyment of the new pleasures he could give her, and only once did he startle her. It was the moment when she turned big eyes upon him at some exquisite bit in the roadside and exclaimed in her quick manner:

"Oh, I could go on and on like this forever!"

Your man of the world who is finding less and less resilience in himself always gives a quick response to the intensities of youth. So Ridgeway, forgetting his caution in the sudden emotion engendered by Judith's little flare, let his hand fall on hers. She quickly withdrew it, so with his usual cleverness he turned the incident to a harmless bit of fatherly attention on his part:

"Tell you what, Judith (he had called her Judith from the very beginning, giving her the feeling that he regarded her somewhat as a small girl), "you and your husband come for a stay at our Florida home. We are going in a month."

"Oh!" cried Judith in a whirlwind of delight, "how perfectly wonderful!" Then her voice fell. "But of course Oliver couldn't get away."

This statement wasn't so painful to Ridgeway as might be. But he inquired carefully:

"What does Oliver do?"

Judith's heart gave a great bound, for

handsome and more capable variety. She thought that Mr. McFarlane had gotten over on his "phiz," and accorded him but meager credit therefor.

I wish my astral self could pry itself loose from the common clay some time, just for a few minutes, and hike back into the room where I've been conversing with some dear little confiding creature of feminine persuasion whose favorite skirt friend has just dropped in. I'll bet I'd get an earful that would make me sympathize with the absent Mr. McFarlane. Crucifying the dumb departed to one's acquaintances is the next best female pastime after throwing the hooks into the looks, character and general attainments of one's best girl friend.

McFarlane, however, not being in telepathic "rapport" with either of his lady friends, couldn't be expected to know all this. I wish there was some ethical way of tipping it off. There's something about seeing any guy boobed by a girl he's blowing his kale on that makes me acutely sick where I never ached before. But he breezed in the next afternoon, accepted \$18,000 worth of magazine space without reading the entire contract and then blew back to Effie's desk.

They attended "Forest Rose" that night and topped it off at Darby's. I didn't have to ask anybody this. It was narrated at the usual noon chifest, and I couldn't have missed any of the details unless I plugged my ears or crept down the fire escape. Miss Effie had come down to work charmingly but rather inadequately attired. At least her shirt-waist was about the least fabric that could exist without becoming merely a memory or a morning mist.

MacMurry called her into his sanctum after the recital, and the crowd leaped upon her with common impulse—all but Ada.

"D'fever see such utter exposure!" scandalized Miss Smith dulcetly. "Why, you can see—" I don't know what Miss Smith intended to designate. She caught my eye, by merest accident, and discreetly lowered her voice. The voices were subdued somewhat, but not for long.

Miss Hicks kicked in with the observation that she knew the difference between scantiness that denoted style and undressedness that was "a pure lure and nothing else." Susie Shephard was just positive that "it was her ideas of dress that really attracted so much attention that she (Effie), poor deluded little dear, mistook for admiration."

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MISS ADAMS dissented. "Effie has perfectly lovely shoulders and arms," she declared coolly. "They're just as white as alabaster. I think that fact alone distinguishes taste from vulgarity. Why, she can wear such things and a man—they're such stupid creatures—would hardly know whether it was fabric underneath or—not."

I wanted to kiss Ada Adams, and failing in the execution of that wild impulse I planned to present her with a gold-handled parasol or some such knick-knack. I wisely compromised by doing neither. But my admiration was slowed up a notch or two the next morning. Miss Adams appeared in a gossamer creation that revealed even more candidly the next best pair of shoulders in the office. Could she, then, have had an ulterior motive in championing the ultra-peek-a-boo effects? I thought "yes."

McFarlane fussed them alternately until office efficiency hit the toboggan. He took Effie out twice again, and then dated Miss Adams for a brace of dinner dances at the Fransonia, thus leaving the series three-up. Then one afternoon Miss Gardner came into my office to ask a question. She held a note in her hands—I recognized it as some of MacMurry's stationary (McFarlane did most of his work in the auditor's office)—and glanced at it again as if to refresh her memory.

"I-I thought—" she stammered,

flushing hotly, "that is—I wanted to know if you could tell me what kind of a place the—The Purple Rat—is?"

"Chink joint on Twenty-third," I replied, a heap startled. "Lots of Oriental color and an occasional gun fight to enliven the evening. Jazz music and junk edibles. Long on 'atmosphere' of various brands and short on ethical niceties and W. C. T. U. influence."

"Oh!" said the girl. Her flush had deepened until even beneath the fragile fabric her alabaster skin had grown pink. "Oh—thank you!" And she fled from the office.

My hunches are rare and infallible. Along about dinner time I phoned the wife that I was detained on business and struck out for the Purple Rat. It was a drizzly evening, already dark, and a fine night to be elsewhere than in the "black and tan" district. But something in that girl's wide, startled eyes seemed to indicate that it was not mere curiosity that prompted the question. And I wondered mightily if there would be any follow up.

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THE one advantage possessed by an imitation hunk of the Orient, insinuated between a laundry and a hardware store on some side street of the great metropolis, is the number of dragon banners and flying crane screens that one can duck behind so opportunely. I ordered a bowl of "Moy Kip Yan Kong" and had it served in a little side alcove.

It was too early for a big crowd, but in the nucleus for the evening's gathering I thought I spotted a couple of gunmen, half a dozen "snowbirds" and twice as many women whose existence is of the nontolling variety.

Along about 9:30 I saw Effie Gardner enter. She was wearing her transparent green raincoat, and her entrance was pretty generally remarked by the gentlemen whose foreheads left off at the eyebrows. She was manifestly terrified, but I saw her consult that little typewritten note again and apparently select a designated table. She gave an order to the pockmarked little monkey in grotesque waiter's costume, and he brought her a bowl of the same concoction as my own. She made only a feeble pretense of eating it.

But her big, trusting violet eyes kept roving back over the throng toward the velvet draped entrance. I knew she was waiting for some one, and I had a hunch that the person in question was Bob McFarlane, Esq. I wondered what freak whim or deliberate devilment prompted him to make a rendezvous of such a hell-hole as this. I promised myself the satisfaction of swinging one along his classic jaw if the alibi wasn't watertight in every particular. I manage to take a workout with the gloves once or twice a week and I didn't stand in much awe of his prowess.

An hour dragged along. A second ticked away with the maddening deliberation of a Taoist prayer. The girl sat huddled up in the corner, her wide, frightened eyes alternately directed toward the door and the goosy mess in front of her. The curious glances of the swaggering youths with sleek pompadours who sauntered in were growing a lot more open and insistent.

I was beginning to see red every time I thought of that young girl down there, waiting trustfully hour after hour for a cad who wasn't gentleman enough to meet her at home, and who didn't have brains enough to appreciate the perils of a place like the Purple Rat. Then he put in an appearance. The whole thing happened so quick it sort of dazed me.

You've seen a slumming party, I suppose? One of those gayly chattering personally conducted affairs that look into the front doors of a few alleged dens of iniquity and think they have seen the stoke holes of Hades? Well, one such sauntered into the Purple Rat. In the lead were Bob McFarlane and Ada Adams. Behind them—ss if Ada had framed her witnesses—came Susie Shephard and a slack-jawed youth who worked across the street from us. Be-

hind were others. I suppose they were friends of Ada's. Anyway they all trooped in and started down the aisles.

Effie saw them, too. I heard a quick, choky gasp and saw her stare around frantically as if seeking a means of escape. I've no doubt her woman's intuition told her at once that she had been framed. Her pa's cheeks became just a little chalkier and her violet eyes went slate gray and dead as stagnant pools. Then despairingly she stared quite deliberately at the group. It gave her soft mouth sudden queer, ugly lines, and brought a look into her wide eyes that seemed to resemble that of the habitues of the place.

McFarlane saw her first. Dear, demure little Ada was too clever to claim discovery rights. He stopped short, his jaw sagging and his eyes bulging as if it were impossible to believe their own evidence. His expression struck me as peculiarly idiotic. One phase of the romance gave up the ghost right there. I think Effie's contempt for that petrified fashion plate was just as great at that moment as must have been his for her.

He stopped short and the rest of them, engaged in gawking around eagerly, nearly ran over the leaders. It made a nice confused little tangle right there in the center of the room. And Ada proceeded to Effie. Her delicate, mobile features registered successively all the emotions of utter awe, surprise, anguish and disappointment that one perfectly trusting girl could experience in finding that her dearest friend missed by a wide margin being all that she ought to be.

Then her wide, long-lashed eyes softened commiseratingly and she laid a soft hand on McFarlane's arm. "Please," she entreated quite audibly, for a general hush had fallen over those in the immediate vicinity, "let's go—now. I just couldn't bear to—"

I don't know what she just couldn't bear to do. By that time the whole ogling assemblage was milling around like a bunch of stampeded longhorns, and they got out of there with about the same degree of assurance and good order that characterized the first Austrian retreat through Galicia. Effie's shoulder sagged wearily as the last one vanished behind the velvet portieres. She was crying softly from the relief of tension, crying gaspily and wearily like a child that's endured every variety of physical and mental stress until it's about ready to cave.

She was so utterly forlorn that she didn't even manifest surprise when I appeared on the scene. At this juncture, no doubt, some inspired idiot will want to know why I didn't leap gallantly to the forefront during the denouement and loudly proclaim that I'd defend the injured heroine's good name at the cost of my life's blood. I'll tell you why! If anybody discovered me there with Effie Gardner I'd have been out one good job, a wife, two kids and a lot of neighborhood prestige. I'd have gone ambling through life with my pockets jammed with receipts for court costs and attorneys' fees and alimony, together with a judge's order permitting me to see the youngsters one hour on alternate Tuesday afternoons.

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AND how would it have helped Effie? Being in a place alone—regardless of what kind of place it is and what suspicions it may engender—is one jump better than being caught dead to rights with another woman's husband. If I wanted to select the particular scriptural injunction that gets about the least chance for its white alley in this vale of tears I'd cop off "Think ye no evil." Most people would rather think evil than officiate at hanging the German crown prince.

So having coppered all bets and boarded the good ship Alibi I may proceed to sail along. I got her home in a taxi, all right. She quieted down after a while and showed me the note. It was typewritten on the machine that McFar-

lane used, sure enough. And his signature was scrawled across the bottom with a stub pen.

It set forth that for reasons urgent and vital she must meet him at the time and place designated. All would then be revealed. I'll hand Ada Adams something on her sense of humor. All was certainly revealed as per advance notice.

Susie broke some of the gladsome news the next morning. The usual vocal relay was minus Miss Effie, who went out to lunch alone, and Miss Adams, who had just a dreadful headache and couldn't think of eating anything, dearie! It required a large number of guesses to determine what the other three were talking about. I knew from "of all things" and "could you believe it" expressions that Effie was getting hers.

And later in the day Susie, who really made a garrison finish and did most of the talking and acted as marshal of the day, had most of the homestretch to herself—Susie, as I started out to remark, announced that she had helped select the ring. Oh, thrills unutterable! So, after all, Ada had won!

But Ada was surprised. I thought it was camouflage at the time, but in light of subsequent events I know that that astonished light in her lustrous orbs was about 99 per cent real wonderment. And hot on the trail of that sensation enters McFarlane himself to receive congratulations.

With him comes the unfortunate young lady. And it wasn't Ada or Effie or any of the rest of the home talents either. It was a girl from Minneapolis. She was about twice as big as Ella Hicks, and a bedraggled ash blonde with a sort of perpetual "May heaven help me" expression in her eyes. I got a straight tip afterward that her dad owns only about all the flour mills in Minneapolis and hardly more than half of the real estate.

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I AMBLED into the office the next evening an hour after quitting time. I had forgotten some papers, and what I saw when I entered the room made me forget 'em again. Snuggled together in one chair were Effie Gardner and Ada Adams. They were both sniffling in a perfect delirium of delightful woe. Each dabbed at her streaming eyes and shiny nose with about two square inches of cambric and hugged the other mournfully and called her "dearie" and "darling" and numerous other ransacking things.

"I'm terrible sorry about your being canned, dearie," sniffled Effie, making another general attempt to stop the threatened inundation. "I just happen'd to mention tuh Miss Smith that you imitated signatures terribly clever an' were allus practicin' them. An' here's that sneaky old grouch of a MacMurry right behind me, an'—"

"Don't mind him, darling," beseeched Ada in velvet accents. "I'm goin' right over to Elbey & Stranger's, where the pay's better an' they's a nicer bunch. An' don't worry about that big cheese fum Minneapolis givin' you the go-by, either. He really wanted you all the time, an' I plugged 's hard as I could fer yuh, breakin' dates 'n everythin'. And you really deserved to land him, too, after tryin' so hard. It's just that tacky elephant's money what made him go an'—"

There were more hugs, no doubt, and other pats and pet names and jabs at shining noses and leaking optics. But I saw them not. I was a boy again down in the green fields of old Virginia. I heard the birdsie singing in the hayricks and the chickens nocking in the fragrant meadows. And when I came to I found I'd gotten full and licked a waiter and been fined fifty an' costs. But it was worth it. As I was saying, when some guy springs an archaeological puzzle on me I'll come right back with: "Why do two female enemies call each other dearie an'—?" But what's the use!

(Copyright, 1917, by J. Kealey)



now was the appointed moment to help Oliver on to fame and fortune.

"He's manager of the Mosaic Stone Company," she answered.

"Ah!" Ridgeway's voice, big man of big affairs as he was, did not bespeak contempt, though Judith listened with the intense ear of pride.

Nevertheless she began to talk with a winning eagerness.

"Oliver's awfully clever, but he's very fine, too fine, I tell him, to step over less worthy men," she completed with a clever toss of her charming head.

"Well, we'll see what we can do," Ridgeway answered now with the gruff directness his world knew so well, but which surprised Judith. But he was done with the subject of Oliver, and Judith, glancing up into his rugged face for the first time, thought how wonderful it must be to be married to a predatory man who with a sweep of his hand moved all before him. Which brought her back to Mrs. Ridgeway.

"Your wife doesn't mind a bit that I take rides with you?" she said; "I didn't think there was another pair in the world like Oliver and me. We allow one another perfect freedom."

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RIDGEWAY'S brows went up a bit at this confession, but he felt grateful toward his wife for having provided him with such an interesting little plaything.

Judith began to tell Oliver of their good fortune almost as soon as he entered their little suite that night.

"We've been invited to the Ridgeways' Florida home," she said, and was immediately thrown from her high mood because Oliver didn't grow as enthusiastic as she over their prospects.

"Of course it will be quite impossible for me to get away," he said.

"But," she cried, "it will be your great chance! Mr. Ridgeway as much as promised that he would do something for you in a business way."

His fine, sensitive face darkened, but he said simply:

"How do you suppose my employer would like it if I went away now at the height of the busy season?"

Judith flushed with a sense of shame. She hated Oliver to refer thus baldly to his "employer," especially since she was so friendly with an employer of hundreds of men. For the life of her she couldn't help feeling a little superior.

"Well, I'm sorry we can't go," she said, and her voice had lost all its ring so that he hastened to say:

"My not being able to go needn't interfere with your going, Judith, I'm sure."

She ran to him, felt his arms about her and raised earnest eyes to his:

"Are you sure you wouldn't care, dear, I'd only be away a week or ten days, you know."

"You must go," he said. "Let's see what you will need."

So Judith, after a pleasantly worded little invitation from Mrs. Ridgeway, went to Florida. She was but one of many guests at Ridgeway Hall, and her good hostess left her much to her own resources and Ridgeway's good graces.

The beauty of her surroundings, the excitement of doing something every hour, the delightful atmosphere of luxury entranced Judith, and also softened her moral fiber. She felt a bit relaxed, so that it seemed childish to make so much of Ridgeway's holding her hand or putting a lock of escaping hair back from her brow.

She took long drives now with Ridgeway behind a comfortably jogging horse, stopping for dinner at some quaint place and returning by moonlight to find that the other guests, with their hostess or without, had been going their separate ways, so that her doings went unnoticed and uncommented upon.

On those days when Ridgeway's attentions were perforce centered elsewhere she found herself at a loss, and when they would meet later their com-

ing together was charged with something electric.

With Ridgeway this electric current meant that the game was growing more exhilarating; with Judith it was the beginning of yielding to her latent flirtatious instincts, of joying in the natural conquest of woman.

After a separation of two days they went away together for a walk. And only a few miles from the Ridgeway place they were caught in a drenching rainstorm. After some skirmishing they found an old abandoned hut, where they waited till the storm was over.

A small bench was placed just inside the broken door of the hut, and the pair sank down upon it. The place looked as though other wayfarers had stopped, eaten a hasty lunch and vanished into no man's land. The whole scene was set, as Judith thought with a touch of humor, as she had often read; a terrific thunderstorm, a lost hero and heroine, a place of refuge and the expected proposal.

She smiled and turned to look at Ridgeway, sitting close beside her on the small bench. She confided her thoughts.

"I might be tempted to follow precedent," he said, "under different conditions."

Judith knew that her eyes did effective work. She turned them on Ridgeway now.

"Then we'd both be disillusioned," she said, not knowing quite why she made the remark. She was not disappointed in his answer, which was banal, but pleasing to her.

"Not I!" His hand fell on hers quite naturally now, and she let her fingers lie in his short, strong ones. "Judith, the world is all askew!"

"Because you are disgruntled?" she asked. "Some people find it happy enough!"

"Not any that I know," he said in a sudden gruff voice.

Judith felt a stirring within to play the good Samaritan, not realizing that so many of her sisters at just such moments experience the same urge.

"I wish I might help you," she said softly, and again she looked bewitchingly at him.

"Shall I kiss her now?" he meditated, but decided against that action for the moment. Instead he answered clearly enough:

"You can help me by giving me your friendship, and by not believing all you hear of me."

"I judge people for myself," said Judith cleverly. "Oh, the rain has stopped. Shall we go?"

"I suppose so; everything interesting ends too soon," he said, and then finished: "I'm going to be very prosaic, but I'm afraid you'll get your feet wet."

Judith looked down at her pretty low shoes; she felt a gleam of pride in them and the wistful silk stockings.

"What shall I do?" she asked demurely.

"You wouldn't let me carry you across the puddles?" he wondered, glancing quizzically at her, and as she stood hesitating and flushing he put his arms about her and bore her like a feather across puddles and little ankle-turning stones.

And Judith buried her face in the rough tweed coat and thought many long, long thoughts.

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THAT same night, it being moonlight, she escaped from a group of guests at Ridgeway's solicitation and with him went out to the veranda.

"Run upstairs quietly for a shawl," he said; "I want to walk with you in the moonlight."

She hesitated only a moment, for his tones were those of her master.

Ridgeway, waiting for her, went to the doorway and turned as she came down the broad stairs. Her white dress, simple and girlish, with its low round neck, was admirably becoming. Her gray eyes, with their long lashes, were sweet, and now held hidden fires.

"Ready?" she asked as she approached him.

"Yes," he answered, and they went out into the moonlight, down the broad road leading to anywhere, depending on what land one seeks.

"What a glorious night!" said Judith tritely.

"Yes, so quiet, so disdainfully quiet."

"Disdainfully?"

"Exactly; disdainful of all the pretty joys, the unavailing bitternesses, the cruel wrongs, the human comedies being enacted every hour."

"You are cynical; why?"

"Born so, perhaps; circumstances have conspired to keep me so."

"Perhaps you'd better return and indulge your cynicism by talking politics with Mr. Masterson," she said, smiling up at him as she mentioned Mrs. Ridgeway's latest appendage.

Ridgeway smiled, too, at Judith's trial into the personal. At every fresh meeting she commenced tentatively as though their last rendezvous had not ended in a touch of the hand or the nestling of a warm young body against a rough tweed coat.

"Are you such a little hypocrite?" he asked. Then: "Put that silver thing over your head!" he commanded.

She flung her chiffon scarf over her head.

"He does like me, this cynic," thought Judith, and felt a sudden intoxicating sense of power, and with this sense came the woman courage, that which gives her the desire to flirt with danger. She knew, too, that Ridgeway was pale, though his eyes glowed. He gazed at her with a strange expression, and Judith knew that he cared for her.

How wonderful! She, simple little Judith, Oliver's wife! Oliver the plodder, the unspectacular one! Strange desires came to her. She could not define nor separate them, till suddenly she caught the glimmer of the diamond set in black enamel on Ridgeway's little finger. The brilliant stone seemed to typify all that she might have in life, and strangely, too, all that so far she had missed.

Ridgeway, brilliant deducer and observer, knew well the signs, and now no longer hesitated to draw her close to him, to let her feel her power over him.

They knew that night they hovered over some brink.

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WHEN Judith reached home and was greeted by her husband she remembered guiltily she had not once spoken to Ridgeway regarding Oliver's future. But he did not touch on that subject; he was all for hearing of her good time.

"It was wonderful down there," she told him, and went on feverishly to tell of the charming home, the drives about, the dinners and the dances.

He listened gravely; perhaps she did not see the shadows that crept into his eyes, nor the longing. He did not miss the wistful longing in her voice as she described the splendors of the Ridgeway regime. His love was almost too self-sacrificing, too noble a thing for a mortal woman's understanding.

"I'm to have entire charge of the new black stone department next week," he told her, and realized by Judith's indifferent expression that this meant nothing as set against the display she had just left.

So he said nothing more of his prospects, but spent his night pondering deeply some questions.

But when Ridgeway unexpectedly and with the fervor of a young lover called her up three days later she set about meeting him with eyes flushed with excitement. While still she felt sorry for Oliver—well, these sad upheavals were part of life.

And when she was driving away into the country beside Ridgeway she forgot everything but his nearness. They spent the day flying about, Ridgeway watching Judith's animated face, a little surprised at his dawning sincerity in this affair.

They drove home at night, a heavenly, clear night. They seemed to be alone in the world, a world of soft sighing from roadsides, late autumn scents, subtle and delicate in their last breathings; and all Judith's dramatic instincts were in the ascendant. She wanted to play a big part on this night. But she had to dissemble first.

"What time can we reach home?" she asked. "I think we'd better go as fast as we can."

"Judith," said Ridgeway, and was his voice edged with pain? "Judith! Let's live every moment left to us!"

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JUDITH settled back against the padded leather. She wished desperately that Ridgeway would put his arm about her; would help her strew rose leaves on the situation. But Ridgeway had done just that all day, in deference to the instinct that women preferred to coquet with circumstances; to lead gradually with entries into many by-paths to the denouement. His masculinity was asserting itself now above all rose leaf plays. He wanted surety now; he wanted to know exactly where he stood with Judith. So he gazed straight ahead into the white path blazed by the big acetylene lamps on the motor for a moment's reflection.

Then quite suddenly he turned to her.

"Judith, you mustn't hold yourself unattainable. The way is clear. We both see that."

"I don't understand," murmured Judith.

"Yes, you do." With a swift movement he brought the car to a standstill. The purring of the motor ceased, and they were wrapp'd in a silence that was lifted out of awesomeness by the pointed length of light ahead; by the glittering arch above like a round pincushion thrust dagger deep with a million pins. She felt his arms about her.

"Let's talk straight, Judith," he said. "I want you and you want me—you need me!"

The situation was out of Judith's grasp now, and she was annoyed at her own recklessness in putting it so soon into Ridgeway's hands. She wanted to hover on the brink of danger.

"Judith," he went on; "I'm a lonely man. I want you."

"You forget I'm married." The echo of her words seemed to be given back in some weird, dancing way that made Judith shiver a little.

"You know that's really no obstacle," he said. "Judith, think of all I can do for you! You ought to have the happiness money can mean. Jewels, motors, flowers, wonderful gowns—and my love." With those words all his control was gone. He drew her close to him. "I'll live for you, Judith; work for you."

A vision filled Judith—of rose-bright days, of golden nights, of all the joys that love and wealth combined can bring; to live and have romance! To move about; to see life, to wear jewels! "You love me, Judith?" he was whispering close in her ear.

"I love you," she said, and did not know that it was the purveyor of jewels and splendor in the guise of Ridgeway that she loved.

She felt his kisses on her lips, and then he started the machine with the words: "I'll go ahead, little Judith, with all arrangements."

And then a sudden flashing thought came to her, a sudden resolution springing from a very deep and canny part of her brain, a part hitherto unsuspected. She turned swiftly to him.

"Yes—we'll make our arrangements. Oh, I do want something of life and beauty, swift moving about—I want it all so soon." She put out her hands like a child trying to catch iridescent bubbles.

He was carried quite out of himself. "You shall have everything, Judith," he promised.

They had reached the city now, going through the dark streets toward Judith's home, when the swift calculating little

Her delicate, mobile features registered successively all the emotions of utter awe, surprise, anguish and disappointment.



properly disinterested fashion.

A very pretty girl who can say another pretty girl is a beauty without inserting a few "ifs" or "buts" for the proper fishhook effect in the finale is something of a regular fellow himself. Up to the precise moment when Miss Adams acquitted herself of that performance I didn't think it could be done.

In the meantime Edie Gardner entered five minutes early every morning and departed a quarter of an hour after hours. And her sunset golden head, during the interim, was bent pretty constantly over her work. When men entered, I took pains to notice, she glanced at them once, very demurely, and then lowered her violet eyes to the desk. She glanced up only once again—when the man was leaving. If the man looked—and I've yet to see one who didn't look at either Gardner or Adams—she noted the fact without emotion and went on with her work.

Always, however, there was one bit of by-play. The brown eyes of Miss Adams and the violet orbs of Miss Gardner met briefly in a level stare. Neither pitiful countenance varied in the slightest degree. Neither registered any expression whatsoever. Then both resumed their work. But the one whom the departing male had selected for the last glance stared out a fraction of a second longer.

Then they had lunch together or fed each other chocolates or talked about their respective plans for new dresses with purple tulle over heliotrope chiffon or some such thing. Miss Gardner assisted with the filing occasionally when old Mr. Murphy came in for his semi-intelligible dictation at her. Miss Adams helped her, and the picture they made sitting close together at the same desk was one duplicated only in dreams and art calendars.

Thus they sat when Bob McFarlane entered for the first time, in tow of Jack MacMurry. The newcomer just stopped in his tracks and stared, with his jaw going a little limp, as if he had forgotten his watch or something back on the bureau in Minneapolis. In the meantime MacMurry had come on into my office, apparently under the illusion that McFarlane was right behind.

"Permit me—" he began in stereotyped fashion, and then turned around. McFarlane was still staring. And I hope to cheer for Kaiser Bill if those two girls weren't staring right back. I guess it was a stand-off which of the three earned most of the attention.

If there ever was a handsomer guy than that young pup McFarlane I've yet to lamp 'em, or the opportunity's ancient history. He had a map like an advertisement for linen collars, with a rippling reddish brown pompadour and a build that reminded me of a drawing I'd seen one time to illustrate a college football story. At the time I had said "There ain't no such animal," and if I could remember that illustrator's name I'd wire an apology.

I GUESS his whole outfit wouldn't have brought much more than 200 bucks at a second-hand store. And those rags fit him like a Samatra wrapper over a pure Havana filler. He looked a good deal too intelligent and aggressive to justify any comparison with the moron Adonises they draw for "Muchstyle" ready-made suits, but otherwise you couldn't help yourself from thinking about 'em when he hove in view. Miss Smith and Ella Hicks and Susie Shephard got in as much open-mouthed wonderment as anyone else, but McFarlane didn't squander any time looking them over. He'd seen what he wanted to see the first crack out of the box.

"McFarlane," called MacMurry pretty crisply, and the young fellow flushed and came on in. "Mr. McFarlane of Crane & Sandry's, meet Mr. Howard, our 'new idea' man."

After the conventional bowing and scraping we got down to business. Mr. McFarlane, it seemed, at 23 years of age, had carte blanche with his concern to spend \$20,000 or \$30,000 any time he saw fit. If I knew anything about business proportions, I'd guess that that same lad yanked down about 6,000 bucks a year. I blocked out two or three tentative magazine trucks and got things under way.

I glanced out while he studied the designs. Ada and Edie were at their respective desks. Ada was cool and composed as usual, but there was a faint flush in the warm oval of Edie's nearest cheek. Neither one was doing any work and at intervals of about thirty seconds

they contrived to glance very casually toward the open door of my office.

Henderson, a bald, beaming idiot from the president's office, added fuel to the fire of rivalry the next afternoon. He came in at lunch hour and stared benignly around the office. All of the girls but Susie Shephard were gathered around Miss Smith's desk for the daily chatterfest. After the usual fatherly familiarity affected by men who aren't paternal in any other sense of the word, he chuckled Ada Adams under the chin.

"Well, well!" he rumbled ponderously. "And who of this bevy of beauties—as the show posters say—is going to vamp the charming Mr. McFarlane?"

Ada smiled brightly. "Bring him in and I'll look him over," she said.

There was a scornful chorus of ejaculations.

"You'll look him over?"

"I guess you didn't take your turn at that yesterday."

"Miss Innocence doesn't even know who is being alluded to! Oh, no!"

Miss Adams flushed guiltily and Henderson roared with delight. "Well, he's got something besides his looks," he boomed. "Seventy-five hundred a year and set for promotion. Shouldn't wonder if he'd own his own concern in ten years. Cleverest man I've talked to in a long while."

The eligibles were all at the tape then, and Henderson's blithering confidences might be likened to the gun that sent them away. McFarlane was in the office that afternoon. His six feet of brawn were draped over Edie Gardner's desk. There is a point of psychology about "desk draping." I hate to see a man do it. A fellow who can't talk to a young lady in a business office without leaning against something always suggests an oleaginous, unreliable temperament to me. I hesitate about extending him credit for taking his assurance that the firm will back his instructions.

But Edie didn't seem to notice such trifling details. Her velvety violet eyes were uplifted like one of the cherubs in Raphael's famous painting, and she was deeply engrossed in believing everything that McFarlane said—including the compliments which were a little too numerous and broad for real good camouflage. And she was accepting his invitation to

dine at the Clarendon that evening. He bowed and smiled to Miss Adams as he went out. She acknowledged the salutation rather frigidly, I thought. And the brown and the violet eyes duelled for a moment before their respective owners resumed the pretense of working.

I got occasional bits of their chatter the next morning.

"Did you have a good time, dear?" queried Miss Adams solicitously. "I do hope you wore that baby blue silk of yours. It plays up to your eyes so wonderfully. I tried to get over for a few dances—Mr. Marbury and I were at the Hamilton—but we frittered away so much time in the rose room it was too late."

"He isn't such a wonderful dancer," deprecated Miss Gardner rather languidly. "He'll ask you next—I'm sure of that—and I warn you to shun the dance places. Just let him talk. He's quite good at that." And she abstractedly drew little crooked lines on her scratch pad.

"If he does, I hope Jack won't be such an old bear," Ada responded. "Jack" was Mr. Marbury, who held a better position than McFarlane, was not nearly so good looking, and spent money like water. Hitherto he had always been Mr. Marbury, but now he was, for Ada's purposes, just "Jack."

"Oh, I'm sure Mr. Marbury wouldn't mind—just for one night!" consoled Edie. "You can tell him that it's just a special occasion—that house policy demands that you accept such invitations or some such thing."

IT WAS the initial skirmish, I thought. The cannon's opening roar looked like a draw to me, if I may garble martial and fistic metaphor. And the tactics, too, rather resembled the opening feints and test taps of a couple of skilled boxers. Apparently to the capable Miss Adams the baby-faced blonde's strength in repartee was still an unknown quantity.

McFarlane justified Miss Gardner's prescience. He did ask Miss Adams next time. And Miss Gardner was just crazy to know if she had had a good time, if he insisted upon talking about his future, and if she had worn that perfectly stunning rose silk dress, that one she had had altered so cleverly from a panner effect. Miss Adams was, if anything, even more ennuied by the previous evening's ordeal than had been Miss Gardner. In fact, she opined that these doll-faced men lacked that intangible something that one sensed so quickly in the



cell in Judith's brain sent her another message and she transferred it immediately to her companion.

"Let us begin our arrangements at once," she said. "Oliver will be at home now."

He turned, stared incredulously at her.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

My husband—he is very amenable—he wants only my happiness. Let us go to him now and tell him we care for one another!"

He did not answer, only stared straight before him, trying to adjust his mind to this newer vision of an insistent Judith.

"I can't go through the usual routine

—days and weeks of waiting, clandestine meetings—now we know we care; let us go to Oliver tonight and tell him. You see," she continued, drawing close to him, "I want to be honest!"

"Honest!" He flung out the word, and then he laughed; and the humor in his laughter struck through her. Was that the way a man felt with a woman giving herself in this way? At that moment she woke out of her dream and knew herself neither good nor bad, but capable of being both.

"Stop this machine!" she gasped. Something within her grew crystal-clear like a mirror, and quite plainly she saw herself as she was. Judith, bargainer, bargainer in jewels and the soft things

of life—and bargaining to make the exchange quick!

Ridgeway stopped the car. She flung open the door and sprang out and ran—ran as though her own frightful self were in pursuit, never stopping till she found herself in the discreet little midnight elevator that carried her to the floor of her apartment.

She put her little latchkey in a door that danced before her eyes, so taut were her nerves, flung the door open and confronted a wild-eyed man, a savage, who seemed to spring at her.

"Oliver! Oliver!" she cried out at the transformation, "what's wrong?"

"Wrong! Wrong!" he cried. "How dare you come back to me—at midnight!"

How dare you!" He put his hand on her arm roughly. She felt the fever of his touch scorching through her, yet strangely the heat seemed to burn something horrid out of her, like a surgeon's searching knife.

"You've urged me," she gasped; "you said you wanted me to be happy!"

"That's past—past, you understand!" he cried. "I was a fool. Now I've lost all control—all control!"

And then with a quick little cry she pulled herself free from his detaining hand and flung herself at his feet.

"Oliver, Oliver!" she cried; "pray God—pray God you may never find it again!"

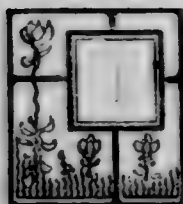
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## WHY MARRY?

Written by H. L. Gates from the play

By Jesse Lynch Williams

Illustrated by F. McAnulla



WAS Lucy, the old-fashioned, who was most dumfounded.

"That would be worse than remaining with him in his laboratory all night. We could never allow it."

But, being a new woman, I can see no difference in traveling alone with a man than traveling with him in company. Of course I'll go. He will insist upon it. I am sure. He could not get along without me."

"If that is so, why not marry him?" asked the judge.

"In the first place, he has never asked me. In the second place, I wouldn't let him if he wanted to. Marriage is so commonplace. He makes only \$3,000 a year, and that wouldn't support the two of us, and of course no man would allow his wife to work. As long as we are just friends—it makes no difference, the working part of it."

John stormed. Theodore protested, and Lucy found new arguments against the unchaperoned propinquity of mere man and mere woman, even though their work bound them together.

Upon Helen all their sophistries were wasted. She declared she could only see an opportunity to help Dr. Hamilton, the essential, whose assistant she was, and the fact that she was a woman, of a different sex, could not alter this view of the matter.

The appearance of the butler, announcing the arrival of Dr. Hamilton himself, threw Helen into a panic, however, which the judge noticed, was quite "un-new womanish." He said as much to her, and noted with considerable quiet satisfaction that the color came into her cheeks. She attempted to escape from the garden before Dr. Hamilton came out of the house, but her exit was cut off when the scientist appeared on the steps. She withdrew into the shadows of the great rose bushes, where she was not discovered by her former co-worker.

Dr. Hamilton was the true scientist, the well-poised, cultured man of intellectual power. He adapted himself easily to the great show of luxury which marked the appointments and surroundings of the Mason home, and accepted graciously the patronizing of his host, who, as a trustee of the Baker Institute, thought the proper attitude to assume toward this scientific "high brow" was that of the benefactor toward his protégé.

DR. HAMILTON was quite elated when John informed him that he was to leave a year in Europe.

"It will be the chance of a lifetime," he declared, displaying his gratitude frankly. "One of the great men over there has written me inviting me to come over for some special work with Pasteur. I did not dream of having the opportunity. Your sister, too, my assistant, is over there already, I believe. We

**SYNOPSIS.**  
ON THE advice of her sister-in-law, Jean Mason induces Rex Baker to propose. Rex had been a devoted admirer of Jean's sister Helen, who had been sent abroad to outlive "the episode"—the staying overnight at the research laboratory while perfecting a new antitoxin with Dr. Hamilton. After Helen returns she begs her sister not to marry Baker, knowing her affections are centered elsewhere. Though penitent when with Helen, Jean decides to go through with the marriage. Judge Everett, an uncle, whose wife is suing him for divorce, advises Helen to marry, but she says she will only as a last resort. Helen is told that Dr. Hamilton is to be sent abroad for some research work. She says she will go with him.

The judge, emerging from the house, saved the situation for the doctor.



can get to work immediately.

"But Helen will be back before you start," said Lucy, hesitating to come to the point of telling him Helen already had returned—was, in fact, breathlessly listening to the conversation, and to Dr. Hamilton's appraisal of her value to him, while she waited her opportunity to escape into the house.

"That will be too bad," Dr. Hamilton said regretfully. "Too bad for her to have made the trip home only to return so quickly. It would have been better for her to have waited."

The judge shrugged his shoulders, saying with a gesture of his hands, "There you are!"

Theodore, however, could not keep silent, though John was preparing to strengthen out the scientist's mind about Helen's further association with him.

"But don't you see, my dear doctor," Theodore exclaimed, "under the circum-

stances I would hardly do for her to go back to Paris with you."

Helen, from her place in the background, stepped forward, breathlessly hanging on the doctor's rejoinder. She smiled, experimentally, much to the chagrin of John, who was secretly watching her, when the doctor asked her name.

"Why not? Why couldn't she return with me? Is there something here to prevent her?"

"Don't you know you're a man?" asked Lucy sharply.

"Why, of course—" Dr. Hamilton began, then the fact that there was a hidden meaning to Lucy's attitude dawned upon him. He looked at the faces about him, curiously at first, then with something akin to consternation, as he realized that he was being brought into the center of a situation evidently prearranged. Suddenly he understood.

"Oh, so that is it, eh? I'm a man and she's a woman. Shouldn't be trusted together. But why not? She needs the experience of foreign laboratory work much more than I. She's had so little chance to do real, big work. It will be the making of her career."

"Perhaps so," muttered the judge. "Let her go away on the boat with you, and her career indeed will have caught up with her." He said this so only Helen could hear. And Helen, who had been so pleased with Dr. Hamilton's viewpoint that she had almost disclosed herself, was recalled to realization that she was merely eavesdropping.

JOHN, with the assistance of Theodore and Lucy, eventually persuaded the scientist that the opinion of society must be respected. While Helen listened from her hiding place, Dr. Hamilton argued that the interests of science should be placed above conventions—above the interference of Madam Grundy, but without avail. At last he gave way and promised to go alone, leaving Helen to run his laboratory while he was absent. He was only convinced that this would be the better way, however, when John assured him that Helen herself would prefer it. Helen, because she had been a listener, could not contradict her brother.

The doctor agreed, when John set about convincing him that it would be well for him to go at once, to return to his home immediately and prepare to sail on the next steamer. He did not suspect that this haste was but part of John's scheme to get rid of him as quickly as possible.

When Mason had gone into the house to arrange the details preliminary to Dr. Hamilton's departure, Theodore and Lucy did not resist the temptation to invite Dr. Hamilton into the subject they had been discussing with so little mutual satisfaction as long as Helen could participate.

Theodore began it.

"See here, Hamilton," he asked of his scientific friend, "when are you going to marry? We've been wondering about it while we waited for you this evening."

The doctor laughed, but naughtily: "When am I going to get more than ten thousand a year?"

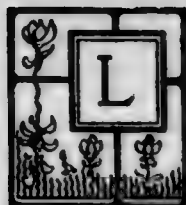
"That," said Lucy, "What has money to do with it? You'll not bother me and I'll not bother you. When the doctor comes home, we'll talk it over."

"How do you know we'll talk it over?"

# METHODS MYSTERIOUS

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by Henry Thiede



LIFE is replete with mysteries. It is a trite observation, but it helps to introduce a brace or two of the aforementioned. Among those of conspicuous prominence I might

mention a few casual culs from history sacred and profane. Thus I yearn to know how the Egyptians tempered copper to a point of steel efficiency, and how the prehistoric Incas got their hunch on skull trephining. Similarly I am consumed with curiosity about the real fate of the crew of the Marie Celeste, the tangible boundaries of the universe and the scientific fact or fallacy of metal-jurgic transmutation. I wonder what a year meant in biblical times when a chap was a callow youth at 300 and only a gay young blade at 875.

But above all I crave to know why women invariably hate each other twenty-four hours a day and then call each other "dearie" and go out to lunch together. It is assumed, of course, with good cause, that no woman ever loved another woman unless she stood within the third degree of kindred. Modern competition has cut that down until two charming first cousins are just as casual with the cleaver as a couple not related by bonds of kinship.

I have never seen men flocking together with soft and honeyed words of endearment when their relations were those of armed neutrality. With men and dogs and kids and bantam roosters unfriendliness is a candid thing, dynamic with latent hostility. But with women undying hatred is an affair of pats and hugs and saccharine expression. I have in mind three braces of sworn enemies. I know they are sworn enemies because they proclaim each other's newest gowns as "perfectly darling" and summon heaven to attest that their hated rival's most recent hat is just too "ducky" for words.

WHEN Katie Gardner joined the staff of Pringle & Davis, National Advertisers, it took me just one-half of one second to dope out the number of female friends she'd have in the office. Effie was young and blonde, with the ingenuous expression that enables a girl with fine eyes to keep them very wide open, and with nice teeth, to keep her lips slightly apart. Effie's figure combined slenderness and curves with that rare and marvelous effectiveness that makes a less favored woman meditate upon bombs and prussic acid and harem kiev.

I sensed forthwith that Effie of the blond beauty and svelte figure would be highly and hilariously popular with the other four women in the place. I knew, in that instant of parallax, that she would be a "riot" with Miss Smith, who had all the damning earmarks of an early spinsterhood. I shrewdly suspected that she would be a stampede with Ella Hicks who was a semi-perfect 42, with a countenance vaguely reminiscent of a rusted pie.

Susie Shephard, who just missed pulchritude by a snub nose and prominent chin, beamed across her desk at Effie, a circumstance which confirmed the third of my worst suspicions. There remained only Ada Adams, and between Ada and Effie I knew there would be the notorious peace that passeth masculine understanding.

For Ada's contours were just as perfect as Effie's, and Ada's countenance was even more flawlessly observed than Effie's. Despite a more pronounced nose, she possessed the same kind of beauty that makes a girl with fine eyes to keep them very wide open, and with nice teeth, to keep her lips slightly apart. Effie's figure combined slenderness and curves with that rare and marvelous effectiveness that makes a less favored woman meditate upon bombs and prussic acid and harem kiev.

ments of ennuied ease. It was an interesting affair.

They would steal occasional glances at each other when the party of the second part was actually engrossed in some portion of the fifteen minutes' work they did at one-fifty per diem. If ever I saw two men exchanging such glances I should waste no time in summoning the police reserves, the home guard and such units of the United States navy as were readily available. But when they intercepted these ocular attestations of true emotion Effie would dimple and Ada would smile, and one or the other would purse her rosy lips in a whispered invitation to take lunch with her at Sanucci's Cafeteria.

Nobody invited me to referee the affair, but with my customary penchant for volunteering in any capacity, I made out a little chart of the battleground, with diagrams for quip and compliment. Miss Smith was the first to come to bat. She smiled at me one morning, and in the anguished awe of being smiled at by Miss Smith I so far forgot myself as to smile back.

"Whatcha think uh the newcomer?" queried Miss Smith.

"Why—ere—seems a bright, capable girl," I replied. It was the most neutral remark I could conjure up on the spur of the moment.

"Oh, I wasn't thinkin' of that!" responded Miss Smith brightly. "I mean don't you think she is just a little beauty! Such won'erful eyes an' hair! I think it's just a perfect shame, her bein' so good lookin' otherwise, that—" Miss Smith paused with that expression of virtuous propriety always assumed by one who charitably omits the worst.

"That what?" I persisted, feeding her just as if it were a gag from the "two a day."

"That her ankles 'r so big," said Miss Smith forlornly. By a great effort of the will she refrained from weeping over nature's bungled masterpiece. "It's such a dreadfully common drawback t' a girl's looks, too. They say slender ankles is the surest proof of aristocratic blood, an' if you ain't got 'em, no matter how pretty y'are otherwise, it reveals a peasant strain in your nature."

Just then Harrington of Union Steel, whose "Ajax Girders" were being pushed through our company, sauntered in, and the interesting little discourse on heredity was cut short. Later in the day, with many blushes for the fact that I was a married man with two kids, I stole a surreptitious peek at Miss Smith's ankles. They seemed to pass muster all right. I might have known, I suppose, that no woman ever picks a point for attack that leaves herself vulnerable.

BY a morning or two later I lapped Miss Gardner as she entered the office. She wore the then prevailing style of skirt, and I had no difficulty in comparing notes. I couldn't discern a sixteenth of an inch difference between the blond beauty's suede booted ankles and those of her contentment. The issue of ancestry pleasantly reared up in the air. But when I noted the first slim, qualified, by the nearest notation that I was to be credited with an "assist."

She came in with Susie Shephard, who encircled her slender waist with a hand and capable arm. "An' you just come out, m' dear," she was saying warmly. "I've been tellin' the boys she's a perfect pippin."

have 'n our office, and they're all just wild t' see yuh!"

Susie came over to my desk a few minutes later with proofs for the Midland Thrasher people's follow-ups on "War-time Farm Efficiency." "D'jever see such a little innocent 'n all your born days?" she queried, registering disinterested mirth. "Gee, I came down in the L' with her this mornin', and she worried all the way in fr fear we'd fall off the bridge. She ain't been in town more'n six months, an' it's a shame the way the staff is givin' her. Course she's a beautiful green. Kinda natural, but I guess I' bad, too, because with them baby eyes o' hers she'd stand some chance gettin' away with it."

"It IS too bad," I acquiesced warily. "She's certainly the prachiest locker we've had in these parts in many a day. Can't you wise her up a little? Seems to me she could make the big time with a few assists now and then."

"Spose so," said Susie languidly. Her tones had gone flat and dead and she seemed to have lost all interest. "So you think she's a peach, eh? Well, tastes differ. I never fell for these scrawny blondes somehow. Look sorta fragile and bleached and watery to me."

I found occasion along about lunch time to doctor up my chart a little. I credited Susie with a line drive, which advanced Miss Smith to third. I was wondering the rest of the day if Ella Hicks would sacrifice. Ella had the space tabulating to keep track of, and the day that Effie arrived she was so awestruck that she almost booted a double truck "Everyform" add in the Garmenters' Review.

We were trying to straighten it out a week or so later, and her opportunity came. Ella filled about all the space in my little cubbyhole that wasn't occupied by the ceiling and transom, and when she suddenly sighed about something the red ink registered violent seismic disturbances on the blotting pad. "Stoo bad about the little dear," she volunteered.

"Too bad about who?" I asked. "And if so, why?"

Ella's hemispheric visage registered trepidation and coyness and various other concomitants of too great zeal in expression. "Heavens 'nearth!" she ejaculated. "I got the habit uh thinkin' out loud somethin' fierce. It'll get me in dutch sure's anythin' sooner 'r later. I was just thinkin' of that cute little Effie Gardner, that new girl we got. Y' must have seen her. Well, she's so sweet and innocent that I really think somebody ought to—to speak to her."

"Jumpin' Jupiter!" I ejaculated. "Do you mean to say that nobody talks to the poor kid?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Miss Hicks. "The girls 's all been as cordial as could be to her. I don't mean that. I mean about her—her being so dreadful sentimental an' susceptible. Of course she's awful young an' giddy, an' maybe ain't got any too good sense anyhow, but it's her first regular job, an' she should be put hep. I ain't never seen it to fall that flirty glances gets a girl as bad in a business office. It's just somethin' awful the way she eyes up the men what come in here on business. Some day, you know, it might sorta be misunderstood."

I beamed upon Miss Hicks. "I'm sure you have the right idea," I assented warmly. "One less blind hearted would

think it none of their business and let the poor girl go to destruction. But because she's such a perfect pippin and so young and all that, and in view of the fact that you've outlived the romantic period and are so essentially practical, I think you ought to tip her off that love's tender glances are all out of place in an advertising office."

Miss Hicks didn't speak to me for a month after that, save when office consultations compelled it. And then she uttered my name as if she had a toad in her mouth. I didn't lose much sleep over it. My chart was coming along in fine shape. Everybody had slammed the verbal pill to the outfield save Ada Adams, and Ada was just announced as batter-up. Miss Smith and Susie Shephard had called on Ella's line drive and I had every confidence that the fat dame would score on Ada's stick work.

Ada had no occasion to enter my little psychological laboratory, so I hadn't much the matter as we went down in the elevator. Ada was all dolled up as usual, and might easily have been mistaken for the third from the right in any chorus Mr. Ziegfeld has ever assembled. She smiled at me cordial enough, wearing the proper platonic expression. The two kids and the little girl each have a silver framed picture on my desk, and my thatch isn't as thick as it used to be, so I figured that was about as much as I was entitled to from Ada.

"How's Pringle & Davis' official heartbreaker?" I asked, grinning broadly. I thought up that lead on the spur of the moment, and was justifiably proud.

Miss Adams pouted adorably. A girl with a nice round little chin can do that. Other's need not apply.

"Why, Mr. Howard!" she ejaculated. "How can you say that—any more?"

I grabbed at that "any more" as the proverbial drowning man grabs at a periscope.

"Why 'any more?' I countered. "Ain'tchu got any eyes?" she queried pertly. "Or has Mrs. Howard sorta educated you out of the habit?"

"She's educated me out of a lot of habits," I admitted ruefully. "but it was the wife an' kiddies and not my eyesight that exempted me in the draft."

"Well, then you must have seen the new girl," said Miss Adams. "I don't see how anybody could miss her. I think she's just the prettiest thing alive!"

SHE spoke in the warm tones of conviction, and I waited for the inevitable alibi to counteract the compliment. But none was forthcoming. I tried again.

"Never was keen for blondes," I remarked, plagiarizing shamelessly from Susie Shephard. "And she looks a little too flighty to make good in MacMurry's department. He always was a shark on these elderly ley dames."

Miss Ada registered indignation, watching the effect covertly in the car's panel glass. "Miss Gardner will certainly make good," she asserted indignantly. "And blondes are the ideal type of beauty, and you know it. MacMurry told me himself that she was a little marvel of efficiency."

The comeback left me dazed and shaky. I rode three stops past my destination that afternoon while pondering the mystery. I couldn't detect a barb in the last send-off anywhere. And it mused up my chart horribly. Registering a strike-out for Ada left poor Ella stranded on second, and terminated the swiftest with only two runs in the first inning. It was hard to reconcile Ada's remarks with the looks I thought I had intercepted aforetime. I consoled myself with the thought that I had let my imagination color those occasional glances that the dark eyed one bestowed upon the other's curly golden head. Anyway I became wonderfully keen for Ada in a



hasn't come along, as you say?" the doctor asked meaningly.

Helen unconsciously drew nearer, in imminent peril of disclosing herself.

"If she has, don't let her go by!" said Theodore, amused at Helen's forgetful interest in the doctor's share of this conversation.

Helen detected him glancing at her, made a move at him and retired to her shadow.

"Well, the right one has come along—I suppose she is the right one," Dr. Hamilton said with a ring of sincerity in his voice, "but I shall have to let her go by, even if she is. I haven't any money and she hasn't any. So we couldn't marry. I wouldn't want her to be merely a servant in my household, and that is what it would amount to."

"If she were an old-fashioned girl—" Lucy began, but the doctor interrupted her.

"Old-fashioned girl! That's sentimental twaddle. No woman is so old-fashioned she ought to be made to work for a man just to pay for her board. If she's a woman of any spirit, she'd be contented to work with him, retaining her independence, but not for him, with her independence gone."

"All the same," insisted Theodore, "I'll bet you wouldn't let money stand in the way if you cared enough for the girl to really marry her."

"Perhaps," returned Dr. Hamilton benignly. "Perhaps, but, as it happens, I do not care for any girl well enough to marry her."

Here Helen raised her chin, while her eyes glittered dangerously.

"In fact," the doctor continued, "nothing could induce me to marry. I am not an idealist. I simply do not believe it is necessary to marry." The emphasis of the doctor's speech was on the last word. It was a triumphant echo of Helen's own attitude.

Helen could not help an exclamation:

"That's just what I knew you'd say!"

The scientist was abashed. "My heavens!" he exclaimed, and stepped backward, as if from an onslaught.

Helen walked up to him quickly, putting out her hand.

"I agree with you perfectly," she said. "I was back there, and could not help overhearing. I was fascinated by fear you would say something unworthy of you. I was so afraid, you see, you might actually believe in such a commonplace thing as marriage!"

The judge, emerging from the house and standing on the step, saved the situation for the doctor, who could not gather his composure. The judge, even, was thoroughly convinced that the doctor would not have been so confused at being thus overheard by a pretty young woman to decry holy matrimony were that young woman any other but the charming Helen.

"You were wrong," he said easily to Helen. "You see it, don't you. Well, now apologize to the gentleman for convicting him wrongfully of any old-fashioned reverence for social precedents."

"Why," stammered the doctor when he had let go of his assistant's hand; "why, I thought all the time you—you had the usual attitude toward—the confuzal relationship."

"Now that's where you wronged her," interposed the judge. "It's time for you to apologize to her now. That evens up matters."

One by one the judge, Theodore and Lucy left the garden, and left Helen and the doctor to themselves. After all it was only John who did not want these two to settle their regard for each other their own way—just so long as that way ended in marriage or, at least, a working

to do, of course, I shouldn't make love to you at all. I should never ask you to marry me—since neither of us believe in marriage."

Helen started. Her eyes quickly sought his face. There was a sign of pain in hers, but it flitted away as quickly as it came. They steeled again.

"That," she said a little bitterly, as even he could detect, "takes quite a weight off my mind. We can talk now about our—work."

"Yes, let's drop all other subjects. Our work is the most interesting, after all."

he did not want her. "Well, what is your reason? You must tell me," she insisted. "I think I shall tell you, Helen," Dr. Hamilton spoke very softly, very earnestly. "And no doubt my answer will surprise you. It is simply this: I love you!"

Helen rose from the bench. She took a step, slowly. She spoke, then, in an awed whisper:

"I've done it! I was afraid; I knew I couldn't help doing it!"

"No, it was I who did it. Forgive me. I had to say it," Dr. Hamilton pleaded contritely.

Helen would not allow him to take the blame.

"No, the fault is mine. Mine and the moonlight; just like Uncle Everett's pink parasol. Tomorrow we will see things in the clear light of day."

"But we will love each other tomorrow, just the same!"

"What of it? We can never marry—not tomorrow or any other tomorrow."

"Why not?"

This question Helen had been expecting.

"I knew you would ask that. It is not in keeping with what you said just a little while ago—that you did not believe in marriage. I have slaved for you all these months in the laboratory, not because I wanted to win you from your work, but because I wanted to help you in it. That was the way I loved you. Now, because you have realized that you love me, you forget your scorn of the things that matrimony means to such as you and I—and you want to spoil it all by—by making me a 'servant in your house!'"

"But you are my world," the doctor urged, with all the eloquence of passion, "and I need you more in the heart than in the laboratory. And I must have you. But there is no love without marriage. All else is mere sophistry. We love each other—you have said it—and that means that we, like our parents and their parents, will be married, and, like them, be happy in our love and our sacrifices."

Helen went up to him and put her hands on his coat. She looked into his eyes for a moment and then dropped hers.

"If that is what love means to you, Ernest," she said softly, "just marriage, then I will not, cannot, marry you—ever!"

Dr. Hamilton reached his arms around her and drew her to him, unresisting.

"You cannot do without me, Helen; and I cannot do without you. We cannot forget that you have said you love me, and I have said I love you. Perhaps you are right. I have always thought so, until the spell of our happiness was woven about us, just now. You are coming to me because neither you nor I can resist. If you will not come to be married, then I will have you anyway—will you come still?"

For answer Helen lifted her face to his; when he bent over to kiss the upturned lips she nestled closer in his embrace, as her sign that the "new woman" was willing to give, so long as she would not have to accept too much in return.

(To be continued next week)

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"No, the fault is mine. Mine and the moonlight."

agreement which, if it were to be only an intellectual co-operation, would be so plainly such that no convention might be affronted.

There was no embarrassing silence between these two when they were alone.

"Your friends seem to take it for granted that I want to make love to you," the doctor said to Helen, who was seated very close to him. He was looking down at her with rather quizzical eyes, and his tone was somewhat searching.

Helen colored and turned away to avoid his glance.

"Men sometimes do," she said.

"I imagine so. That is why, for instance, they will not let you go to Paris with me. And that is why I mustn't allow you to go."

"Perhaps they are right in their fear." Helen was not so new she could not be, at times, "old-fashioned."

"That is a sign you are conceited. I wouldn't believe it of you. Now I shall assure you that, if we were to go to Paris alone, together, which we are not going

"Then, of course, I shall go to Paris with you."

"No, you simply can't. Don't you understand?"

"I understand only that you need me. You said here a moment ago that you needed me with you. That is enough. It is our work, you know. Don't you want me with you?"

"Do I want you?" As Dr. Hamilton asked that, he was not the scientist. He was just a man. So much so, in fact, that he gave words to the realization. "You see, I am just a man, after all; and you are a woman—despite your mind's emancipation from sex."

"Well, what of it?" Helen was militant now—on the cause of her work. "Are you one of the small men who care what people say? Would you hinder our work just because some weak-minded persons would say that, being a man and a woman, we would act like all other men and women as soon as we got away from the eyes of our friends?" Helen looked straight into his eyes as she spoke. She realized that that was not the reason



## Seeing the Near in the Light of the Large

The International Sunday-School Lesson For December 30th is

A Quarterly Review: "God's Redeeming Love" —

Psalms 123, 124

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Within the past week I have travelled from the shores of the Yellow Sea, past the Great Wall of China, and the fertile fields of Manchuria into the mountains and the great green valleys of Siberia, an imperial realm. Within that time I have had to face and discuss the Chinese Question, the Japanese Question and the Russian Question, with the relation of America to them all. Whatever else may be said of such a strenuous week, it certainly helps one to see things in the large. The incidental and the detail become lost in the general. One must deal with large units; which seems particularly easy to do as I look out of the windows of this Siberian express, across vast spaces of grazing land, with lakes and rivers, and the blue hills beyond, and the Mongol nomads standing to gaze as the train glides by.

Somewhat similar in effect to the journey I am at the moment taking is this quarterly review of the Sunday School Lesson. It sweeps a wide horizon, and deals with a succession of great events and movements. An honest study of this lesson, with what it involves, would give one the essential groundwork of a liberal education, which is the ability to perceive things in their larger relationships, with a true historical perspective. Well do I remember an address by the late Bishop Fowler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he set forth the march and compass of the Russian nation, and its possibilities. More definitely than any other one single experience in a young reporter's life, that great speech did for me what I hope this week's International Sunday School Lesson will do for other young people — set them to cultivating an international consciousness. For the only way to be a really up to date and efficient person is to keep in mind what has been and what may yet be, in the whole large scheme of things. A village mind is inadequate simply because it does not take all the factors into consideration.

### Getting God's Viewpoint.

Two little keys that help unlock the mysteries of providence are the quotations concerning God, "My ways are not your ways," and "With Him a thousand years are as a day." That is to say, God always sees things in the large. He does not look through any man's spectacles. All His ways with men comprehend large units of time. His plans do not all work out in a year or a century or a millennium—but they all eventually work out. Human views are inadequate, because they take account of only a small portion of the great pattern of God's weaving. We think in small terms about God's large plans. The near misfortune means more to us than the ultimate outcome. Private soldiers are often interested only in battles, whereas commanders in chief are concerned with the entire campaign. To the Jews driven into exile, all things had collapsed. Their skies had fallen. In their place of shore vision, it was impossible to see the great and beneficent purposes of Jehovah in that stern experience. Yet the exile was needed by the Jews and by the world.

Into these dark days about which the Sunday schools have been studying came the prophets, who tried to help people to see things in the large, and to point out the relation between cause and effect. This prophet gift of patriotism.

"Which sees beyond the year,  
Thine alabaster cities gleam,  
Undimmed by human tears."

alone sustains a people in a dark time. If there were no prospect of a long tomorrow, to justify today, we should be of all men most miserable. A heaven is indispensable to any happy conception of earth. Every mother who has given her son a sacrifice to the great war would indeed sorrow as one who has no hope did she not believe that God is working out in our time some great purpose, which is worthy of the best. This sense of forming part of an infinite and eternal plan is one of the loftiest conceptions possible to mortal. It links him with the beautiful hereafter wherein all things are made perfect.

### Holding Steady Today.

The experience of these old Jews do not particularly interest us except as they have a bearing upon our own time. That the hand of Jehovah was in the history of Israel concerns us less than that His hand is guiding the course of events in our world of the here and now. And this is the very truth for today. Near views may be disconcerting, and the tangle of things may seem inextricable, but the larger views—the look from God's side of the dark cloud—

reveals the outworking of designs so vast that there must be a commotion in heaven.

Our day seems to be the fruition time of history. The goals for which the prophets and patriots and seers agonized are now in sight. This is the day of universal emancipation. Old shackles are being broken and old enslavements ended. Entire nations are coming into the light of freedom and self-government. Exiles are returning home. Social injustices of immemorial antiquity are being righted. Despite the great war, hatred between men and men, class and class, is diminishing.

With a new sense of racial solidarity and interdependence, we are setting about the task of reclaiming all the waste places of earth, so that the hungry everywhere may be fed. Burdens that have been on the backs of the depressed classes since the beginning of organized society are being lifted. Wealth, as well as opportunity, is finding a juster distribution. Best of all, a new sense of human rights is being learned in the severe school of war. This is a time of jubilee. God is working great purposes out.

That is a message for every pulpit in these perplexed days. Religion's part is to see that the Christian motive is kept close to every one of these great changes in life. The noblest events in history are taking place; their distinctively religious character should not be obscured, or the Author of them all deprived of the honor that is His due. It would be sad should any of us miss the high level and meaning of what God is doing before our eyes. If we but interpret aright the times, there will be no doubt about our making war morally safe for the soldiers. And when we go forth to the conquests of peace, they will be wrought in a Christian spirit. What society is now undertaking to do in the world cannot be successfully accomplished without taking God into the reckoning.

### Falling In With The Forces.

Stale and jejune though the advice may seem to some oversophisticated youth, who is supremely proud of his acquaintanceship with head waiters and chorus girls, the truth remains that the one sure route to a success that counts, is to find out God's purposes for one's life, and to fall in with them. There are great forces—which we reverently call the providences of God—abroad in our day; the wise person will fall in with these. To every man, woman and child it is possible to bear a share in the great doings of God in our day. Not in vain has this war taught us new lessons in co-operation. Any life, however obscure, may bear its proportionate part in the working out of the ideals which a divine hand has clearly sketched upon the canvas of today. Stevenson puts the idea into a beautiful figure:

"So from the hearth the children flee,  
By that Almighty Hand  
Austerly led; son one by sea  
Goes forth, and one by land;  
Nor aught of all men's sons escape  
From that command."

"And as the fervent smith of yore  
Beat out the glowing blade,  
Nor wielded in the front of war  
The weapons that he made,  
But in the tower at home still  
Plied his ringing trade."

"So like a sword the son shall roam  
On nobler missions sent;  
And as the smith remained at home  
In peaceful turret pent,  
So sits the while at home the mother  
Well content."

To have a part however slight, in working out the divine purpose in one's day is success. This is the root conviction that ennobles life, and extracts its sting and dissipates its jadedness. All lesser considerations of safety and recognition and reward count for little alongside of this one major achievement, the helping to bring to pass the great and beautiful will of God among men. Some of the prophets of old were willing and witting instruments in the achievement of this purpose; but the Jewish people as a whole underwent the tragic experience of seeing Jehovah's will done in spite of them, and not because of them.

### Learning The Great Lesson.

After all, and after all, did the Jews learn their lesson during the five hundred and eighty years of history which this review period covers? We have seen them rise as a kingdom, split in twain and then pursue an undulating course, until finally they were dispersed by the Captivity, which was the fall of Jehovah. Were they cured of their idolatry? It is commonly said that they were. Yet the archaeologists are digging up incantation bowls which show that for centuries after the Captivity the

## Babylonia, Once the Granary of The World, May Blossom Again

A Gigantic Reclamation Project, Which Includes the Restoration of Canals Used in the Time of Herodotus, Planned by an English Engineer for the Ottoman Government, is Retarded Only by the Backwardness of the Turks.

(From "Turkey: A Past and a Future").

Southern Mesopotamia—the Irak of the Arabs and the Babylonia of the Greeks—lies desolate. Its aspect is towards the Persian Gulf, and down the Tigris to Basra is the natural channel for its trade. It gets nothing from the Mediterranean, neither trade nor rain, and every drop of water for cultivation must be led out of the rivers, but the rivers in their natural state are worse than the drought. Their discharge is extremely variable—about eight times as great in April as in October; they are always silted up in their beds and scooping out others; and when there are no men to interfere they leave half the country a desert and make the other half a swamp. Yet the soil, when properly watered is of the richest in the world, for Irak is an immense alluvial delta, more than five hundred miles from end to end, which Tigris and Euphrates have deposited in what was originally the head of the Persian Gulf.

"The land," wrote Herodotus, who saw it in its prime, "has a little rain, and this nourishes the corn at the root; but the crops are matured and brought to harvest by water from the river—not, as in Egypt, by the river flooding over the fields, but by human labor and shadufs. For Babylon, like Egypt, is one network of canals, the largest of which is navigable. It is far the best corn land of all the countries I know. There is no attempt at arboriculture—figs or vines or olives—but it is such superb corn land that the average yield is 200-fold and 300-fold in the best years. The wheat and barley there are a good four inches broad in the blade, and millet and sesame grow as big as trees."

In a strangely different environment this land anticipated our modern rhythm of life by 4,000 years, and then went back to desolation five centuries before industrialism (which may people it) began.

Another measure of the land's capacity is the greatness of its cities. Herodotus gives statistics of Babylon in the Fifth Century, B.C.—walls 300 feet high, seventy-five feet broad and fifty-eight miles in circuit; three and four-story houses laid out in blocks; broad, straight streets intersecting one another at regular intervals, at right angles or parallel to the Euphrates. Anyone who reads Herodotus's description of Babylon or Ibn Serapion's of Bagdad, and considers that these vast urban masses were merely centres of collection and distribution for the open country can infer the density of population and intensity of cultivation over the face of the Sawad (Arabian Black Land).

When the Caliph Omar wrested Irak from the Persians in the middle of the Seventh Century A.D., and took an inventory of what he had acquired, he found that there were 5 million hectares (12 1/2 million acres) of land under cultivation, and that the poll tax was paid by 550,000 householders, which implies a total population, in town and country, of more than 5 million souls, where a bare 1 1/2 million maintains itself today in city alleys and nomads' tents. And in Omar's time the Sawad was no longer at its best, for, a few years before the Arab conquest, abnormally high floods had burst the dikes; from below Hillia to above Basra the Euphrates broadened into a swamp, and the Tigris deserted its former (and present) bed for the Shatte-el-Hal, leaving the Amara district a desert.

Jews were pastmasters of the art of witchcraft.

Today the temporal condition of the Jew is better than it has ever been since the fall of Jerusalem. Wealth, prestige, position, and political consideration all belong to the Jew. The most careful observers within the race, perhaps point out that the present irreligion of the Jewish people is an ominous sign of a deplorable condition that makes wealth, learning and standing of no avail. The youth of Judaism is being lost to the faith of its fathers. The need for old prophets, such as have spoken words that have echoed in all the Sunday schools on earth during the past twelve months, is still present with the Chosen People.

The Jews were in school to God. We have seen in these studies the full course of the curriculum. The one great admonition of the teacher was to fixeness of heart. With incredible patience and infinite resourcefulness, God sought to teach His people the lesson of loyalty to Him. They preferred to follow fashion. Can this new Western world learn the same lesson?

Can it be reclaimed? Surveys have been taken by Sir William Willcocks as adviser to the Ottoman Ministry of Public Works, and his final conclusion and proposals are embodied in a report drawn up at Bagdad in 1911.

"The Tigris-Euphrates delta," he writes, "may be classed as an arid region of some five million hectares (12 1/2 million acres). All this land is capable of easy levelling and reclamation."

But he does not expect to make all these five million hectares productive simultaneously, as they are said to have been when Omar took his inventory. "It is water, not land, which measures production," and he reckons that the average combined discharge of the rivers would irrigate three million hectares (seven and a half million acres) in winter and in summer 400,000 hectares (900,000 acres) of rice or one and a half million hectares (3,125,000 acres) of other crops. For immediate reclamation he takes 1,410,000 hectares (3,525,000 acres) in hand.

### Would Restore Ancient Canals.

His project is practically to restore, with technical improvements, the ancient system of canals and drains, using the Euphrates water to irrigate everything west of the Tigris (down to Kut) and the Shatte-el-Hal, and the water of the Tigris and its tributaries for districts east of that line. Adding 33 per cent for contingencies to his estimate for cost of materials and rates of labor, and doubling the total to cover interest on loans and subsequent development, he arrives at 20,105,020 pounds (Turkish) (\$130,972,590) as the cost from first to last, of irrigation and agricultural works together, and he estimates that the 1,410,000 hectares reclaimed by this outlay will produce crops to the value of 9,071,000 pounds (Turkish) (\$40,815,000) a year.

Looking further ahead, Sir William proposes to supersede the navigation of the Tigris by railways, and so set free the whole discharge of the two rivers for irrigation. He estimates the future by the efforts of the Cheneb canal in Northern India.

"A canal traversing lands similar to those of Mesopotamia in their climate, and in the condition in which they found themselves before the canal works were carried out. In such a land, so like a great part of Mesopotamia, canals have introduced in a few years nearly one million of inhabitants, and the restoration of the country has been so rapid that its very success was jeopardized by a railway not being able to be made quickly enough to transport the enormous produce."

"A million of inhabitants"—that is the crux of the problem. Labor is as necessary as water for the raising of crops; Sir William's barrages and canals without hands to turn them to account would be a dead loss instead of a profitable investment; but from what reservoir of population is this man power to be introduced?

Turkey is nothing but an overthrow of the past and an obstruction of the future.

## MUSIC THAT CHUCKLES

Songs of vaudeville in America are not as a rule comparable either in manner or matter to the Music Hall ditties of London. Of course London has taken kindly to the New York songs, as to the New York comedians and chorus girls, and one may hear as much ragtime now on the Strand as on Broadway. This has been one result of the growing friendliness of the two cities. Nevertheless, London in the native Music Hall song has something to be cherished. It is music that chuckles, while usually American ragtime yells. It is a long time since "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" was written. It is not so long since "Who Were You With Last Night" appeared. Yet both songs have a similar Music Hall spirit of lighthearted enjoyment. Rhythmically they are charming. The composers of Music Hall songs provide an infectious and delightful dancing rhythm, a radiant melody not too sophisticated, a few stock cadences, and generally a set of verses gay as Harlequin, sometimes as genially improper as Clown. The verses of the ordinary American popular song are a sight for gods and men. "Under a tree planted by me" is a classic instance. As for the music, it generally lacks distinction. It is apprentice music, while the London kind is done generally by a finished journeyman, and sometimes by an artist. For those who have a passion for light music and who buy with much energy, a glance at the various English productions as well as at the Broadway successes will prove interesting and amusing.



TO DIVERT at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.  
—Fuller.

# Gossip of Books of the Day

## SOUND FREAKS OF GREAT GUNS

### ZONES OF SILENCE DISCOVERED

Curious sound freaks are being observed all over France and even in England, during the great bombardments on the western front, writes a well-known officer in referring to his experiences on the battle front. I have been told of numberless instances where the firing has been heard as far from the firing line as 150 miles, although at 100 miles it is inaudible.

Non-combatants at great distances behind the lines tell of curious instances in which the sound of the distant guns is to be distinctly heard on one side of a tree but, on the opposite side of the same tree, there is no sound at all.

Some tell of isolated hill-tops 75 miles from the guns, where no sound is heard, and of deep valleys immediately back of them where the deep booming of the guns is distinct. One would imagine the opposite to be the case.

I remember similar instances cited after the great munitions explosion in East London on January 19th. The sound was heard as far away as Stow, in Lincolnshire, 128 miles distant, but between the twentieth and the sixteenth mile from London, there was a zone of silence. I remember that conjectures at the time were that for some reason not yet known, the sound waves mount and pass over the zones of silence. Another curious sound freak of the great explosion was that only one report was heard in London, but four distinct thuds were heard in Norfolk. The sound waves appeared to have split up and followed different routes in their journey to the outer area, travelling a great deal farther in the eastern direction than in the western. Other instances of noise freaks incident to gun-fire at the front multiply. In fact, there are so many of them that it is to be hoped British science will make the most of the experiments in acoustics which this war makes possible.

One officer with whom I have talked here, tells me the direction of the wind does not seem to affect the audibility of the gun-fire at points far behind the lines.

Another tells me—he has just returned from leave at Cobham—that on spots where the chalk crops out of the ground, usually just below the crest of a hill, the guns are plainly audible, whereas a few feet away, no sound whatever is felt. He had a curious experience, he said, in digging just outside his house. On the surface, no sound of guns was to be heard, but as soon as he had uncovered the chalk, the noise of gun-fire became extraordinarily loud.

An old French padre says that one of his gravediggers, while putting down a deep grave last week, heard unmistakable sounds of gun-fire at the bottom of the grave, although on the surface nothing was audible.

Instances multiply of persons who could hear nothing of the guns when they stood up, but upon lying at full length on the ground, could hear them distinctly.

My most vivid talk on the subject, however, was with an artillery officer who said he had been 30 miles back of the line during one of the bombardments and could hear nothing whatever, although he knew that the bombardment was at its height. His errand necessitated his going some eight miles farther back from the front lines, where he was astounded to find he could hear the bombardment distinctly. When he returned to the front, he found that quite suddenly the sound ceased altogether, until he could hear it by waves as he approached the guns themselves.

To satisfy his own curiosity, he made inquiries and found that not for one minute had the bombardment ceased during all the time he had been away.

These instances and many more like them, lead one to the conclusion that it is not the air, but the ground, which carries the stupendous sounds of the great bombardment for vast distances.

The theory is that the stratum on which the guns rest carries their sound as far as it runs, and wherever it crops out to the surface, or wherever diggers touch it, the sounds it is bearing become audible.

#### A LESSON FROM THE MANGER

When Jesus left His heavenly throne  
A babe on earth to be,  
He chose a manger for His birth  
In great humility.

No room might that sweet mother find  
In all the crowded inn  
For her dear babe, who came to save  
The world from death and sin.

Ah, chill and bitter was the night!  
Sore spent the mother lay  
Her holy babe in peaceful rest  
Upon a bed of hay.

The dumb beasts, with their patient eyes,  
Upon Him wondering gazed;  
Almost they felt His majesty  
And trembled sore amazed.

Yet still the tender love they knew  
Of Him who nestled there;  
And nearer drew in reverence meted  
Around the blessed pair.

Their rugged coats, their warm soft breath,  
Brought cheer that chilly night  
To Him who lay in lowly guise  
Beneath the lantern's light.

His baby eyes looked lovingly  
On these His creatures kind,  
The Prince of David's royal race  
No lordly hosts may find.

They gave to Him, as still they give  
To us, their humble best,  
These dumb friends of the gentle Christ—  
By burdens sore distressed.

Their patient backs still bend beneath  
The crushing weight of toil,  
Still win for us on countless fields  
The blessings of the soil.

On gory plains of war they strive  
Unmindful of grim fate;  
How strong their voiceless woes make plea  
To hearts compassionate!

All are His own, no sparrow falls  
Without His tender care,—  
"The cattle on a thousand hills  
Are mine," His words declare.

So must we love them, as He loves  
His creatures great and small,  
And loving, and remembering find  
The Christ in each and all.  
—Marie Briscoe Crocker  
in Dumb Animals.

#### LA MARSEILLAISE.

Recently the government of France transferred to the Hotel des Invalides, where Napoleon is interred, the bones of Rouget de Lisle, composer of that fiery war song La Marseillaise. Writing in The New Music Review, Mr. Edward Biddle recounts the story of the composition—how it was devised, words and music, in one evening of poetic and patriotic exaltation. De Lisle was an artillery officer and the song was written at Strasbourg. This Alsatian city is now as German as Von Hindenburg, but it was a centre of strong French patriotic feeling during the Revolution.

The music made an instant appeal, and soon it was officially adopted as the song of the Marseilles Revolutionary Clubs.

Musicians who have visited South Africa have been interested in the zanze of sensza, a musical instrument which has been popular in Africa for over 1,000 years. It is sometimes called the Kaffir piano and consists of a slab of hollowed wood on which at one end as fastened numerous metal tongues of varying heights. These pass over two rods of iron and are held down by a central bar over which the tongues vibrate when clicked with the fingers.

## Christmas Superstitions in The Homes of Our Allies

We of the new world and the modern customs are always deeply interested in any quaint beliefs or unusual mannerisms of the countries across the Atlantic. Most particularly have the habits of England and France held us; the former because she is our mother country, the latter because of the unquenchable dear memory of Lafayette, and more recently because of that same spirit so gloriously upheld today by France's noble sons. And this holiday time finds us with our eyes turned thitherward for a more poignant reason—for there aren't many homes who cannot claim a son or brother "Over There."

And it is well to know some of the homely, sweet little superstitions which prevail among the people of the allies.

In England and in Scotland the saying goes that it is unlucky for anybody but a brunette to first cross the threshold on Christmas morning.

To bake bread on Christmas Day is praiseworthy, and loaves baked then will never grow moldy. In these times of scarcity of flour, the poor loaves do not stand half a chance to mold!

Woe to the housewife who on this day turns a mattress. It bodes ill luck for the whole year.

A superstition which had its origin in Devonshire tells us that it is bad form and ill luck indeed not to wish the bees good morning and compliments of the season. On Christmas eve the lives are decorated with sprigs of green and a bit of red ribbon. This also said that bees sing all night on Christmas eve. But bees are rather perpetual singers anyway.

The graceful traditions prevail, in northern England and Wales, that the birds and beasts have some mystic connection with the Nativity. Hence, the farmers and landowners purchase sheaves of oats from little boys who sell it as our boys sell holly. These bundles are placed in convenient high places in trees and fences, that the birds may partake. The cattle, sheep, goats and even the pigs, are all given double the amount of feedings on Christmas morning.

In Lyons, France, at the Foundling hospital, a very pretty custom is to welcome the first baby that arrives with special honors—a beribboned cradle, padded basket, soft clothing, solicitude and a bestowal of gifts, and careful attention. This is done in explanation of the poor welcome given to a Wee Child of Bethlehem twenty centuries ago, and a beautiful thought it is.

In some provinces in France it is considered bad luck to cross a strange threshold on Christmas Day.

Of Scandinavian rather than Druidical origin, as is thought by many, is the Yule log custom, occurring as it does exactly six months between the Midsummer Fires. These are lighted out of doors in all parts of the country at the festival of the summer solstice. To their winter celebration.

#### LIVERPOOL GETS \$90,000 ORGAN.

What is claimed to be the largest organ in the world is now being built in the new cathedral at Liverpool at a cost of some ninety thousand dollars without the cases which are being designed by the cathedral architect. These will be arranged in four separate fronts, two in the chancel and two in the east transepts.

This organ is to have five manuals, 167 speaking stops, and 215 draw-stop knobs with a total of 10,567 pipes. The keys will be laid with heavy plates of ivory without surface joints and the key frames of ebony. The music-desk, draw-stop and pedal jams of the console will be made of rosewood and the pedal-board of teak. An interesting thing about the tremulants will be the method of regulating the rapidity of the vibrato at will by means of a pedal. The blowing will be done by seven separate blowing installations and each installation will be electrically blown and the speed automatically controlled by the rise and fall of the main reservoir. The starting and stopping will be easily accomplished at the console by simply pressing three sets of push-buttons.

The next largest organ in England is given as the one in Albert Hall, London, with its 124 draw-stop knobs, and then comes the third largest, the one in St. Paul's cathedral with its 193 draw-stops.

The Scandinavians gave the name of Yul and lighted great bonfires in honor of their god, Thor. The bringing in of a ponderous block of wood from the forest, and placing it on the heart of the Barnal hall was a ceremony honored and observed on Christmas Day. In some parts of the country the Yule log is not allowed to burn quite away, but the burnt ends are carefully gathered and placed in the clefts of fruit trees, to insure a good crop the coming season.

#### Crisp Verses

By E. A. Guest

A Heap O' Livin', by Edgar A. Guest (Copp, Clark and Company). There is a touch of Robert Service in the work of this American poet. He writes in a free and easy style on commonplace everyday subjects. His versification runs smoothly and conveys many cheering, inspiring and helpful thoughts to the reader. Here is a verse from "When You Know a Fellow":

When you get to know a fellow,  
Know his joys and know his cares,  
When you've come to understand him  
And the burdens that he bears,  
When you've learned the fight he's making  
And the troubles in his way,  
Then you find that he is different  
Than you thought him yesterday.  
You find his faults are trivial  
And there's not so much to blame  
In the brother that you jeered at  
When you only knew his name.

There is a touching tribute to James Whitcomb Riley, from which we append one stanza:  
There must be great rejoicing on the  
Golden Shore today,  
An' the big an' little angels must be  
feelin' mighty gay:  
Could we look beyond the curtain now  
I fancy we should see  
Old Aunt Mary waitin', smilin', for  
the coming that's to be,  
An' Little Orphan Annie an' the while  
excited pack  
Dancin' up an' down an' shoutin':  
"Mr. Riley's comin' back!"

A poem entitled Greatness begins:  
We can be great by helping one another;  
We can be loved for very simple deeds:  
Who has the grateful mention of a brother  
Has really all the honor that he needs.

Here is a stanza from a humorous effort:  
Girls is a scared of a snake, but boys ain't,  
My Paw said so.  
They holler an' run: an' sometimes they faint,  
My Paw said so.  
But boys would be 'shamed to be frightened that way,  
When all that the snake wants to do is to play:  
You've got to believe every word that I say,  
My Paw said so.

Some of the writer's best work deals with the attitude and pleasures of children. "When Pa Comes Home," opens with these lines:  
When Pa comes home, I'm at the door,  
An' then he grabs me off the floor  
An' throws me up an' catches me,  
When I come down, an' then, says he:  
'Well, how'd you get along today?  
'An' were you good, an' did you play,  
An' keep right out of mama's way?"

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# A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS

## Dancing Possible Only as Interpretation of Music

At a certain performance given by a popular dancer, a young boy of about sixteen who had been brought by his mother to see the world-famous dancer, upon looking at the program, exclaimed, "Why mother, we're not going to see the dancer. We're going to hear music." The remark was justifiable, for under the various parts of the program were listed not the name of the dancer, but with artistic subtlety, the titles of the compositions of the masters of music. Tchaikowsky's Andante cantabile and Marche Slave was there, and Dvorak's Slavie Dance was there, and so was Schubert's Ave Marie and others of equal fame and beauty. It was not until the boy was told that the dancing was to be an interpretation of the musical compositions that his mind was set at rest.

The incident is worthy of note for the reason that to one individual at least, and, in all probability, to all who were within hearing distance of the boy's remark, there came an appreciation of how great a part music plays in the aesthetic world. The audience that day came to see a great dancer perform, but little knew that the beauty and power of that dancer

could not have been called forth had there not been equally, if not more beautiful and powerful music, to inspire her. This dancer as the fettered slave who eventually breaks her bonds and arises in new glory and strength was wonderful to behold but never in the wide world could she have depicted that exultation of Tchaikowsky had she not first experienced the pain and sorrow and the struggle of the Russian serf and the final ray of hope which marks the dawn of a new life which this composer depicts in his Marche Slave.

At the same time one calls to mind the amazing spectacle of a well-known Russian Ballet and again the thought must needs come that, before the dancers, before the scenic artists, before the whole mass of thought and action had made the ballet an event in the lives of all who saw it, before all of these, come Rimski-Korsakoff and Strauss and Saint-Saens and Tchaikowsky and the whole brilliant array of them to whom homage was paid during that period. All of which is in proof of the fact that great as is the art of dancing—the art of music is greater and must of necessity, take precedence over it.

## Music as Basis for Fiction

It is rather difficult to explain in words why music bears such a close relation to the more intimate human relationships. But we know it is so. Many men and women of today think reverently of the favorite songs their mothers used to sing in the days that are now merely precious memories. Many a happy husband and wife look back to the evening in their twenties when after she had played the accompaniment for his singing of some love ballad, he had spoken the words that led to their betrothal. Think of the records we have of a Damon and Pythias friendship existing between a great musician and his favorite pupil. Were you ever in a home where the wee six-year-old daughter was to make her first public appearance as a member of the Sunday school choir? How everything gave way to the finishing of the new white dress, the choosing of the hair ribbon and slippers!

Illustrations are simply numberless. And so it makes one wonder why music, so closely connected with the intimacies of life, that put the human interest in stories, is not more frequently made the basis of books of fiction. The Shuttle was founded on the international marriages between American heiresses and English noblemen. The Harvester and Freckles dealt with nature study. The Riverman with lumbering. The Rose in the Ring with the circus. Uncle Tom's Cabin with slavery.

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But few books of fiction, in recent years at any rate, are based on music. It is true in *Sowing Seeds in Danny*—Miss Francis did take Pearl and Danny to a piano recital which is humorously described. A musical concert arranged by the local professor of music and attended by the citizens of Mason's Corners en masse is given a chapter in Quincy Adams Sawyer. The power of song and an interesting story surrounding a violin find place in *The Frontiersman* and so one might go on.

It is left to *The Rosary* of recent books to base the whole story on music and that it is based on music may have some part in the popularity of that book. Those who have read *The Rosary* will remember that in the home of Jane Champion's Aunt music played an important part. The heroine one evening to oblige her Aunt sang *The Rosary* for some guests. "Only those who have heard Jane sing *The Rosary* can possibly realize how she sang 'I kiss each bead.' The lingering retrospection in each word breathed out a love so womanly, so beautiful, so tender that her identity was forgotten—even by those in the audience who knew her best—in the magic of her rendering of the song."

She was obliged to sing the song over again. But one guest, a friend, Garth Dalmain thought of the singer. With the appeal of the music came the realization that he loved the one who sang. Garth told Jane of his love. She was to give him his answer the next day at the village church where he was practicing on the organ. When she entered the church Garth was playing *Veni, Creator Spiritus* to Attwood's perfect setting, then he sang it as he played:

"Enable with perpetual light  
The dullness of our blinded sight;  
Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace;  
Keep far our foes; give peace at home;  
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come."

Garth received his answer, a bitter disappointment. He accepted his cross. Afterwards while travelling he met with an accident in which he lost his sight. This drove him to make a closer study of music and the *Veni, The Rosary, The Radiant Morn* and other music is woven and interwoven all through the events of the story, until the couple are finally reconciled to each other.

*The Rosary* is one of the highest types of books in the fiction class published in recent years. Will there not be other authors so possessed of the deep-seated place music has in our inner feelings that they too will build splendid stories on that theme?

In a perusal of the things in musical circles in Australia, one sees a good deal about their municipal concerts. Musical concerts should be introduced in Canadian cities to advantage. They have a distinct bearing on the morale of the people in times of war and peace.

## MUSIC IN ITS NATURE IS ESSENTIALLY SPIRITUAL

Music is in its nature essentially spiritual. It pre-supposes unity of life and community of emotion. Richter calls it "the poetry of the air." But its true medium is not the mere gaseous mixture we call the atmosphere; else would there be no music of the spheres and no song of the angels. Rather, it lives and moves and has its being in the rarer, sweeter and infinitely vaster spiritual atmosphere from which the myriad souls of men draw the true breath of life.

The view that music is nothing more than air-vibrations is discountenanced by the fact that, as the physical phenomena of sound become less perceptible, the spiritual ecstasies of music become more exquisitely perfect. Says Wordsworth, "Sweetest melodies are those that are by distance made more sweet." And Keats goes right to the heart of the matter when he sings:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes,  
Play on."

All music lovers will recall that the softest cadences have ever been the sweetest; and the musician who has most entranced and enraptured them has always been he who has most nearly achieved, through barely perceptible sound, the supremest eloquence of silence.

The essentially spiritual and universal nature of music is perceived in varying degrees. Thomas Fuller tells us that "music is nothing else but wild sounds civilized into time and tune." Longfellow makes it "The universal language of mankind." Sir Edwin Arnold speaks of "the ordered music of the heavenly orbs." Again, it is to Mazzini "the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world;" and to Sir William Temple, "a thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of heaven itself." A woman (Mrs. L. M. Child), sees in it "a prophecy of what life is to be, the rainbow of promise translated out of seeing into hearing."

It is a natural outcome of age-old theology that the spiritual world should be regarded as something future and far-off, something quite

## Two Examples From England

One effect the happenings of the past three years have had is to show that we cannot be local in our thinking. We must be prepared to learn from the experiences of other countries. There are two directions in which the Old Land has set us a worthy example. The first is the introduction of the mid-day concert or recital which we are told is now a firmly established institution in both Liverpool and Manchester. Frequent references appear in the British papers to the selections given at these noon-hour programs, and their quality strikes one instantly.

In our Canadian cities throngs of people lunch down-town. There is little to occupy the noon-hour except the actual time for eating unless it be occasionally to do some shopping. Scores of people would look forward to the opportunity once a week of dropping in to a piano, organ or violin recital for three quarters of an hour. And that such recitals would promote the city's musical life there can be no doubt.

The second example is that of the Children's Concert Movement, which has been pioneered also in Manchester and Liverpool by those who see the great gain that can come to a city through this medium. While the children's concerts in Manchester are only on their second season, Liverpool has had on an average of twenty-seven of these programs expressly for children each year for the past nine years.

A musical optimist said the other day: "Mark my word, both the noon-hour recital and the children's concert will one day be a recognized institution in every large city in Canada and they will become a source of attraction to visitors from the surrounding districts."

separate from the life that now is; accordingly even music is only conceived of as giving momentary glimpses of the promised land. Thus, "music is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life," says one. Another (T. G. Holland) declares it "a thing of the soul; a rose-tipped shell that murmured of the eternal sea; a strange bird singing the songs of another shore." And Thomas Carlyle, reputed seer that he was, could only say that "music is a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that."

It has perhaps been reserved for music, in conjunction with physical science, to accomplish what the theology of the centuries has signally failed to achieve—the realization by the "man in the street" of his inalienable participation in the universal life. If the human soul lives at all, it lives here and now, and lives not to itself alone. The realization of fellowship—of the oneness of all that is—has no more potent aid on earth than that of music. In many of the churches today the "Heavenly Maid" is

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